

THE GOLFORD CONNEXION.

Descendants of Thomas Galford,
from the Middle Valley, 1770.

W. T. P.

So far as now known, Thomas Galford, Senior, was the original ancestor of the Pocahontas Galfords. It is believed he came from the Middle Valley, and was of Scotch descent. Thomas Galford lived on the place now held by F. Patterson and Charles Nottingham on Glade Hill, and it is the opinion of most that he came there just previous to the Revolution.

Thomas Galford had a brother John, of whom but little is now known. There was a sister, Jennie who became Mrs Otho Gum, and lived at the head of Crab Bottom, Highland County. There was another sister, whose name can not now be recalled, who became Mrs John Chestnut, on Little Back Creek, where she has numerous descendants.

Thomas Galford, Senior, married Naomi Slaven, an aunt of Newlen Slaven, late of Meadow Dale, and they were the parents of two sons, John and Thomas, Jr.; and a daughter, Elizabeth.

John Galford married Jennie McLaughlin; lived on the home place, finally went to Lewis County and settled near Walkersville. There were five sons and one daughter: Allen, John, William, James, Thomas, and Naomi.

Naomi Galford died a young woman in Lewis County.

John Galford, Junior, married Frederika Hillery and lived at Huntersville, where he conducted a flourishing tannery. Two sons and one daughter, Harrison, Geo., and Mary, who is now Mary V. Rodgers, near Buckeye.

John Galford's second marriage was with Mary Simmons, daughter of the late Nicholas Simmons, Hampton and Lydia, now Mrs Lee Overholt, her children.

Thomas Galford married Margaret Curry, on Back Mountain. Their children John, Brown, Naomi, Abigail, now Mrs L. A. Hefner on Swago. Lanty A. Hefner was a Confederate soldier from '61-'65, attached to Colonel G. M. Edgar's Battalion. They are the parents of nine sons and two daughters.

James Galford married Margaret Anderson, in Lewis County. They are the parents of seven children. Everett is a teacher of high schools. Homer lives at Walkersville. Jas. Galford is in fine circumstances financially and a highly esteemed, influential citizen of Lewis County.

Allan Galford married Nancy Cassell, and lived on the Greenbrier near the mouth of Deer Creek. They were the parents of four daughters and three sons. Full particulars are given of his family in the Cassell sketches.

Allan Galford was a well-known citizen and prospered financially. He died not long since aged 82 years. Several years since he sought the forgiveness of his sins and united with the church at the age of 77 years. He left in manuscript a very sincere confession of his faith in the merits of his Savior's atoning blood.

Thomas Galford, Junior, one of the ancestral brothers, was first married to Naomi Slaven, a relative, and settled on a part of the Glade Hill homestead, and thence moved and located on property now held by the late Harvey Curry's family, near Dunmore. By this marriage there was one daughter, Jane who married her cousin William Galford, son of John Galford, Sr., and first settled on the head of Sitlington's Creek, on the farm now owned by her son William Wellington Galford, and finally moved near Dunmore. The following particulars are hand about her children:

John Galford, a Confederate soldier in the 31st Virginia Infantry, was wounded at Gettysburg and died at Richmond soon after, in Chimborazo hospital.

Thomas Galford married Lizzie Vint, and lived and died near Dunmore.

James Galford died while on a visit to relatives in Highland. His memory is cherished as an earnest Christian man, and a person of promise for good citizenship.

William W. Galford married Ada Mayse, daughter of the late Jubal Mayse, and lives at the head of Sitlington Creek.

Elizabeth Galford, a young woman died at the home place near Dunmore.

Nancy Galford lives on a part of the homestead.

Naomi Galford died soon after reaching womanhood.

Marietta Galford died when nearly grown of pulmonary affection.

In his second marriage Thomas Galford, Junior, was married to Henrietta Sutton, and there were no children.

Thomas Galford, Jr., was a very pronounced Confederate sympathizer, and as such he was regarded a dangerous citizen to be at large in wartimes. In discharging what they deemed their duty, he was arrested by a detachment of Union soldiers, under the command of the late Captain Nelson Pray, and sent to Camp Chase, where he died during the war.

In reference to the pioneer's daughter Elizabeth Galford, the tradition is that when she was 14 years of age she was sent on an errand to the mill, a quarter of a mile east of the residence. The child was never seen afterwards. While parties were carefully searching the creek, Indian signs were discovered and it was at once concluded that she had been taken captive. Vain pursuit was made, and the neighbors hastened to the fort, where P. H. Warwick lives. Indians, believed to be the same party, attacked the fort and killed a Mr Sloan, and a warrior was wounded. The Indian was taken to a glade, near Arborvale, and secreted until able to leave for the Ohio towns, hence the name "Hospital" run.

Some months subsequently Thomas Galford, Senior, and Samuel Gregory went to the Indian towns, but could hear nothing of the captive child. The two men lingered about the town inquiring for furs and tried to trade with the Indians, hoping thus to get the desired information about the missing child. Hearing nothing they gave up all hopes, and turned their attention to a pair of fine horses. They slipped them, hitched them some distance from the town, and then went back and waited in ambush for the warriors that might come in pursuit. Two were shot down and their ornaments taken, and these were kept for years. The bracelets were burned when Thomas Galford, Jr., lost his house. The captured horses were fine stallions. The bay was called "Buck Rabbit" and the other "Irish Grey." "Buck Rabbit" was sold to John Bird, the ancestor of the Bird relationship on Upper Back Creek. The other was bought by John Harnee, a trader from Staunton.

Thomas Galford, the pioneer, and Jacob Warwick, on returning from a scout, thought they would have some sport at the expense of William Higgins and Peter Ingram, whom they found digging potatoes near the fort at the mouth of Deer Creek. Higgins always claimed there was no Indian that could ever make him run. While the two were busy at their digging Galford and Warwick slipped up to the fence and fired simultaneously, hitting the ground close to Higgins and scattering the dust all over him. He and Ingram ran with all speed to the stockade and reported that Indians had fired on them. The panic was soon relieved, however, when hilarious laughter instead of war whoops were heard in the direction of the potato patch.

Not the Wisest Plan.

It is not always best to wait until it is needed before buying a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy. Quite frequently the remedy is required in the very busiest season or in the night and much inconvenience and suffering must be borne before it can be obtained. It costs but a trifle as compared to its real worth and every family can well afford to keep it in their home. It is everywhere acknowledged to be the most successful remedy in the world for bowel complaints. For sale by A. Barlow, Huntersville; Barlow and Moore, Edray.

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The morning when we tied Alexandria, I me to the beach and departed after dinner I deserted levee aged colored the stones an "Uncle," said common Sou men of his a "are there m I knew that I erally awar introduction.

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JOHN CRAIG WARWICK.

Died—Of enteric fever, at McDonald, Fayette County, West Virginia, John C. Warwick, in the 32d year of his age.

He was the eldest son of John W. Warwick and Caroline Craig his wife, late of Edray, Pocahontas County. He was born May 12th, 1867, at Glen Mary, Nelson county, Virginia.

He was educated at the Fishburne Military School, Waynesboro. He stood high in the school, and the last year he was there he was commandant of the corps of cadets. Upon leaving school he was in business a number of years at Ronceverte and Hinton. For the past two or three years he was book keeper and purchasing agent for the Turkey Knob Coal & Coke Company. This position he filled with such conspicuous fidelity and efficiency that his place will be hard to fill, as officers of the company remarked at the time of his sickness and decease.

His wife was Miss Mabel Feamster, a grand-daughter of Hon James Withrow, of Lewisburg. She and her little son George survive him, along with three sisters: Mrs Woodsey Moore, near Dunmore; Mrs Maggie Lockridge, at Driscoll; and Miss Emma Warwick, near Edray.

About twelve years ago, while a cadet at the military school, he made a profession of his faith in Christ, and united with the Waynesboro church, under the pastoral charge of Rev A. R. Cocke. Two or three days before his death his sister Emma asked him concerning his Christian hope. A pleasing expression illumined his features as he replied: "Sister, I am so glad that you have mentioned this subject to me. My trust is in the blood of Jesus Christ, and I am sure that I am redeemed and that all is well with me. I wanted you all to know this, and I am truly glad you have asked me about my hopes."

A young gentleman, a devoted Christian friend, who was with him a good deal during his illness, says that Mr Warwick talked very freely with him, and while he sorely regretted that he had not lived as near to Christ as he ought to have done, and as he now realized he should have lived, still in his recent prayers Christ had given him such a comforting and assuring sense of sins forgiven that were it not for leaving his wife and little son, to live longer would have no special inducements for him.

His remains were borne to Lewisburg by the Masonic fraternity, and buried in the cemetery near the Old Stone Church, according to their solemn and impressive ritual. Thus it has come to pass in the brief period of two or three years an affectionate family of eight persons has been called to mourn in rapid succession the deaths of five of their home circle. W. T. P.

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Biographic Gleanings.

Forty or fifty years ago, one of the most generally known citizens of our county was Peter Lightner, on Knapp's Creek. He was tall in person, active in his movements, always in a good humor, and one of the most expert horsemen of his times, and perhaps realized as much ready change swapping horses as any other of his citizen contemporaries. He could come so near making a new and young horse of an old dilapidated framework of an animal as was possible for anyone to do who has ever made a business of dealing in horse-flesh.

Near the close of the last century, he settled on Knapp's Creek, on land purchased from James Poage, who emigrated to Kentucky. Mr Poage had built a mill which Mr Lightner improved upon, and for years accommodated a wide circle of customers, who had gotten tired of hominy and hominy meal pounded in a goblet-shaped block. The pestle by which the trituration was done was usually a piece of wood like a hand-spike, with an iron wedge inserted in one end, and fastened by an iron band to keep it from splitting. This mill was a precious and valuable convenience, and brought comfort to many homes, and some of the most toothsome bread ever eaten in our county was made of meal from Lightner's Mill. Some families had hand-mills, but they were about as hard to operate as the hominy block, or mortar with the iron-bound pestle.

It is believed Mr Lightner came from the neighborhood of Crab Bottom, near the headwaters of the South Branch of the Potomac. His wife was Alcinda Harper, a sister of Henry Harper, the ancestor of the Harper connexion in our county. She, therefore, brought that pretty name to Pocahontas, and there have been many Alcindas in her worthy descendants and relatives.

The property owned by Peter Lightner is now in the possession of Hugh Dever and the family of the late Francis Dever, Esq., a few miles from Frost.

Mr Lightner's family consisted of one son and four daughters.

Jacob Lightner, their only son, married Miss Elizabeth Moore, who was reared on the farm now occupied by Andrew Herold, Esq., near Frost. Her father was John Moore, a son of Moses Moore, the noted pioneer, and her mother was a McClung, of the Greenbrier branch of that noted connexion. Jacob Lightner's children were Peter Lightner, who died at home; John M. Lightner, once a member of the Huntersville bar, and moved to Abilene, Texas, where he died a few years since; Samuel M. Lightner was a student of Union Theological Seminary, and had about completed his studies for the Presbyterian ministry when he entered the army. He married Miss Sally Mildred Poage, in Rockbridge County, and died a few months after his marriage at Batesville, Virginia, and was buried at Falling Spring Church near the Natural Bridge. His widow married Rev Edward Lane, D. D., a distinguished missionary to Brazil, where he died much lamented. For some years Mrs Lane has resided in Staunton, Virginia, to be near her daughters, who were pupils of Miss Baldwin's Seminary.

Alcinda, one of Jacob Lightners daughters, was a noted beauty, and very popular. She became the wife of the late James B. Campbell of Highland County, Virginia.

Mary, another daughter, married Rev John W. Hedges, of Berkeley County, a widely-known Methodist minister of the M. E. Baltimore Conference.

Alice, the youngest daughter, never married.

The eldest daughter of Peter and Alcinda Lightner was named Elizabeth. She was married to Joseph Sharp, at Frost. Mr and Mrs Sharp were the parents of Abraham and Peter Sharp, at Frost, and Henry Sharp, on Douthard's Creek. Polly Sharp married John Hannah, on Elk, and was the mother of the late Bryson Hannah of Frost, and Mrs George Gibson, near Marlinton.

near Marlinton.

Phebe Sharp first married the late Henry Harper, Jr., who died of an accidental wound inflicted while fixing a gate-latch near Sunset School-house. She afterwards married Mr Abe Rankin. Susan Sharp became the wife of the late William Burr, on Brown's Mountain, near Huntersville. Mr Burr died suddenly in F. J. Snyder's law office, whither he had gone to look after some business affairs.

Rachel Sharp lives near Frost on the old home place.

Susan Lightner, another daughter of our worthy pioneer, Peter Lightner was married to George Gay, a brother of the late John Gay, Esq., near Marlinton. For many years Mr and Mrs Gay lived on the farm now in the possession of F. A. Renick, Esq., near Hillsboro, until their removal to the State of Iowa.

Polly Lightner and the late Sheldon Clark, Esq., were married and settled in the Little Levels, where their son, Sherman, now lives (1897.) Mr Clark came from the State of Connecticut, and made an immense fortune by merchandising and farming. He was a highly esteemed citizen, and by strict attention to his own business he prospered much. His influence was ever on the side of good morals and intelligence. Mr and Mrs Clark are survived by four sons, Sherman, Henry, Alvin, and Preston.

Sherman H. Clark, the eldest, married Mary Frances, daughter of the late Joel Hill, near Hillsboro, and lives on the old Clark homestead.

Alvin Clark married Mary Agnes, daughter of the late Josiah Beard, of Locust, and resides on the Moses Poage property east of Hillsboro.

Henry Clark lives near the head of Spring Creek.

Preston Clark married Miss Josie Levisay, near Frankford, West Virginia, and lives on the George Poage property, west of Hillsboro.

There was another worthy brother, Peter Clark, whose wife was Miss Martha Blair. He died several years since on a farm south of Hillsboro.

The history of Sheldon Clark illustrates the Pocahontas possibilities in reach of those who are moral in habits, diligent in business, honest and strictly upright in their business relations. The advancement of such may be slow, but it will be sure and enduring, and the results bring comfort and influence to those who inherit them; a rich heritage to children's children.

Phebe Ann Lightner was married to the late John Cleek, on Knapp's Creek, near Driscoll, on the place now occupied by the homes of their sons, Peter L. and William H. Cleek, and their daughter, Mrs B. F. Fleschman.

In the sketch published in The Times, January 15, 1897, mention was made of her sons and daughters whose names besides those just given were Mary Ann Herold, afterwards Mrs William C. Hull; Caroline Elizabeth, wife of Lanty Lockridge; Alcinda Susan, now Mrs Hugh Dever; Margaret Eveline, now Mrs Renick Ward; and Eliza Martha, now Mrs B. F. Fleschman.

The annals just recorded of these persons, Mr and Mrs Peter Lightner may be brief and simple, but yet how very suggestive as one reflects upon them. From these biographical gleanings material may be gathered illustrating pioneer sufferings and privations, thrilling romance, tragic incidents in peace and war.

They send no glittering statements out, When a bank goes to smash in China, To show 'tis solvent beyond a doubt. When a bank goes to smash in China, No pitying tears you see them shed, But they take a big cheese knife instead And amputate the president's head, And banks never break in China.

"What a small mind Mrs Vennlyne has." "Naturally. She has given her husband so many pieces of it."—Tid-Bits.

STILL WELL FIXED.—"One of your wife's lungs is gone, my dear sir." "That doesn't do me any good, doctor; the one she has left is a star."—Truth.

"The Iron Ring."

Nearly fifty years ago there appeared in Little's Living Age a remarkable story founded on legend. To this story, "The Iron Ring,"—many a young person has listened from my lips, but my pen has never recorded it till now.

The Harz, or Hartz, Mountains form an important barrier boundary to Northern Germany: being the first obstacle that the cold, moist winds from the North Sea meet, the mountain summits are treeless and desolately bare. But the slopes and deep valleys abound in pines and firs; the dense, almost impenetrable forests are equally gloomy in their way, and what with the strange phenomena of nature often presented, form a store of legendary wealth not to be exceeded in weird interest. Among the Harz Mountains we find the "Spectre of the Broken," and the great Goethe went thither with his dark fancies to build uncouth structures for the minds of men. A simpler legend of the Harz is the following:

From a town on the outskirts of the piny forests pilgrim travelers who knew nothing of fear and were not always needy, found it necessary to plunge into the dark tree-wilderness and make their way across the mountains; but, stout as their German hearts were, they would have hesitated a little had there not been a kind of wayfaring house in the recesses where a night's lodging might be procured. The keepers of the caravansary were known to be very poor, and at long intervals were seen creeping in the dusk about the town;—thickly muffled and aided by the twilight, their dark, forbidding countenances attracted little attention.

As time wore on it began to be noised whisperingly around that of all the pilgrims who had penetrated the forest depths, not one had ever yet been seen again; and, full of danger as the journey was, natural causes could not answer for the lives of all. Rumor settled on the half-way house, and whisperers of "foul-play" went around the circle,—yet was nothing done until the deep thoughts of one mild-featured youth named Franz came to the surface and formed themselves into speech: "Fritz, go thou with me and we'll ferret the den." Fritz nodded assent, and their preparations were made apace. To be ready for everything and apparently unready was their aim,—the most forlorn and weakest of pilgrims, the stoutest of heart, and anything but unsuspecting wanderers.

Great fears were aroused. The friends of Franz and Fritz saw them depart, and wept as over their burial. With no light word or trifling manner, but calm and resolute, the young men went forth to unravel the mystery of the Harz recess, or to die in the attempt.

The shades of evening were falling fast upon them when they caught glimpse of the stone battlements they were, in a sense, to storm. Leaving Fritz to conceal himself in the woods, Franz advanced to beg shelter and food. "Keep on the alert for my whistle," said Franz, "come then most speedily,—and Fritz, if you hear nothing, care for this." It was a lock of girlish, golden hair,—Gretchen's hair, and Gretchen was Fritz's sister. The young men embraced each other and parted.

The house presented a singular blank appearance to Franz, and might have passed for uninhabited. Presently a decrepit old man shuffled out of the windowless building and stood silent before Franz. "Food and shelter, holy father,"—"Nay," returned the hooded one, "ask not crumbs of the starving,—see these gaunt limbs," thrusting his bony arms towards Franz. "Then I die at your gate," and in what may be termed a *feint* the young man fell. "The saints preserve us!" gasped the janitor, and hobbling away soon returned and poured down the beggar's throat some drops of richest wine. "Canst crawl in now? Save me all are avant." With difficulty and feebly aided by the skeleton arms, Franz crawled into the dungeon-like abode. Night had deepened.

Once inside Franz's great aim was to explore, so still feigning weakness, "Pray, father, lead me to rest and disturb me not till morn, when I will rid you of my company, and any coin in my wallet shall be yours." The old man, who seemed to Franz a pliable servant of shrewder men, conducted our pilgrim thro various narrow stone passages, up long, winding stone stairways to a spacious apartment, and there leaving him, bolted the door on the outside. Franz did not care, however, seeing open gratings toward the forest hiding-place of Fritz, who now lay in the dark and sleepless, felt

more uneasiness. To reconnoiter was the first step that Franz took in his strange quarters, and the second was to divest himself of the pilgrim garb and appear, every inch of him, a man ready for conflict which he fully expected.

He observed that straw pallets were arranged in the middle of the room around an immense column whose top was encircled by a heavy iron ring. Drawing a portion of the bedding to a distant corner of the room, he lay down in truth to rest, for Franz was really tired.

Silence reigned and the midnight hour approached. A rumbling sound, a creaking, and such a tremendous crash as shook the stone building, strong as it was. The iron ring had fallen, and thus had many an unsuspecting traveler been killed and their effects stolen: their bodies—where?

A stealthy step neared the door, unbarred it, and Franz stood ready. As the same old man peered in he was rudely seized and pinioned: no other person came. Franz blew a shrill whistle for his companion, and the two together commanded and compelled this janitor and kind keeper of weary pilgrims to disclose everything concerning the nefarious business. The ghostly bones and relics of human beings had been concealed in the stone cavities of the walls; but of treasures the old man knew nothing. A stunted living all that was his, and heavily, sinfully paid for. He was conveyed to the town, and thence him the main actors in the tragic drama of The Iron Ring were discovered, brought to civil trial for their man-slaughter, and capitally executed. The weak old servant and accomplice was recommended to mercy, and his penalty commuted to imprisonment. The stone-house, arena of the diabolical deeds, was razed to the ground, and a suitable, safe resting-place for pilgrims established. Franz received the thanks of the town with Fritz; but they refused the offered emolument, feeling that they had only done their duty.

In long years after, Gretchen's maidens were wont to lay a golden tress beside their own for comparison, and then at father Franz's suggestion to put the "frau's gold lock" carefully away, for had it not once been in danger far out upon the dreadful Hartz Mountains?

EDWARD EVERETT HALE said in a recent address on the coming century that the world is growing better. In the classification the century of Columbus was marked by discovery, the eighteenth by analysis, and the nineteenth by invention. The victories of the twentieth century, in his opinion, will be moral and spiritual. His prediction is that it "will be filled with not only physical comfort, but spiritual, and physical forces will be transmitted into moral and spiritual." Education will be general and greatly elevated, and nations will be brought into closer intercourse. No one has ventured to prophesy what the next century will bring forth in invention, for scarcely a year passes now without some wonderful advance.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

JESSE JONES, Esq., one of the best known citizens of Monroe Co., died at his home in Wolf Creek district at 3:30 o'clock, on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 17, 1897, after a very prolonged illness, at the advanced age of 84 years. His remains were interred in the Baptist cemetery at Alderson on Tuesday. He leaves a widow and several sons and daughters. The Man, in an extended notice of Mr. Jones, relates the following:

During the war he had \$1,500 in state bank notes and \$150 in gold and silver. Fearing that it might be taken from him, he hid it in a hollow tree in the woods by his house. Soon after the 45th Virginia Regiment encamped in this woodland, and, as the soldiers were cutting down timber promiscuously, Mr Jones began to entertain some apprehensions about his tree. So he made for the camp and was very much frightened to find five or six men seated under his identical tree, playing cards for money, and within arm's reach of his bank deposit. However, they had not discovered the treasure, but it took very skillful management to get that money out of the hole in the tree without being detected, which he nevertheless succeeded in doing.

SHE—I don't think you were anxious to hear me sing. HE (earnestly)—Indeed I was. I had never heard you before.—Puck.

SOME one asked Max Nordau to define the difference between insanity and genius. "Well," said the author of "Degeneration," "the lunatic is, at least, sure of his board and clothes."

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"WHAT a small mind Mrs. V. Lynne has." "Naturally. She has given her husband so many pieces of it."—Tid-Bits.

STILL WELL FIXED.—"One of your wife's lungs is gone, my dear sir." "That doesn't do me any good, doctor; the one she has left is a star"—Truth.

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During the war he had \$15,000 in state bank notes and \$150,000 gold and silver. Fearing that it might be taken from him, he hid it in a hollow tree in the woods near his house. Soon after the 45th Virginia Regiment encamped in this woodland, and, as the soldiers were cutting down timber, promiscuously, Mr Jones began to entertain some apprehensions about his tree. So he made for the camp, and was very much frightened to find five or six men seated under his identical tree, playing cards with money, and within arm's reach of his bank deposit. However, he had not discovered the treasure, but it took very skillful management to get that money out of the hole in the tree without being detected, which he nevertheless succeeded in doing.

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BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

The Gumm Relationship in Pocahontas—The Descendants of William A. Gumm.

BY W. T. P.

The Gumm relationship in Pocahontas consists of two groups, descendants of Jacob Gumm and William A. Gumm respectively. The group considered in this paper trace their ancestry to William A. Gumm, who left Highland county, then Pendleton, in 1832, and located on the Redden place near Green Bank, now occupied by John Grogg. In 1841 Mr Gumm moved to Back Alleghany and settled in the woods, and opened up lands now occupied by his sons James and McBride.

Mrs Gumm was Elizabeth, daughter of James Higgins, of Pendleton, now Highland. Mr and Mrs Gumm were the parents of one daughter and two sons: Margaret Elsie, James Henry and Francis McBryde.

Margaret was first married to James A. Logan, and first settled on a section of the homestead. Her children were John Commodore, who died in 1861 while quite young and Elizabeth, who became Mrs E. O. Moore and lives on Deer Creek, near Green Bank.

By her second marriage Mrs Logan became Mrs Gragg and lives on Back Mountain near the homestead. It is her mother-in-law, Mrs Zebulon Gragg, who is believed to be the oldest person now living in our county.

James H. Gumm first married Sally Ann, daughter of Zebulon Gragg, and settled on a part of the homestead.

His second marriage was with Milda Hoover, daughter of Abel Hoover, near Gillespie. James H. Gumm was a Confederate soldier attached to the 62nd Regiment of Mounted Infantry that formed a part of General Imboden's command.

Francis McBryde Gumm first married Elizabeth Peck, from Lewis county, and settled on the homestead. There were two children by this marriage, James Floyd and Virginia Elizabeth, who are living near Montgomery City, Montgomery County, Missouri.

His second marriage was with Caroline Amanda, daughter of Ellis Houchin, whose wife was Comfort Slavin Higgins. The Houchin family was from East Virginia.

McBryde Gumm was a Confederate soldier and went out with the Green Bank company, known as Company G, 81st Virginia Infantry. He volunteered in May 1861 and served throughout the war, and as he was wounded three times he is to be remembered as a battle scarred veteran of that mysterious and strange war between the States.

Those who are familiar with the history of the 81st Virginia Infantry need not be reminded that no regiment in the service of the Confederacy has a more interesting and honorable record, or more frequently posted in the "deadly imminent breach" or more relied on in dire emergencies.

Fortunately Mr Gumm's wounds were slight and did not disable him for any length of time. The first wound was received in the bloody affair at Spottsylvania Court House. The second wound was inflicted at Liberty, Bedford county, when General Hunter was repulsed at Lynnhburg. The third wound was received at the battle of Winchester. Instead of a wound he had his mustache neatly and closely trimmed off by a minnie ball at the battle of Cold Harbor. Clippers may have done the trimming a little more in style, but not near so quickly.

He was twice a prisoner of war. He was captured the first time at Urigh Hevener's in 1861, and paroled. The second time he was taken he was at his home on Back Mountain in October 1864. This time instead of being released on parole, he was taken to Clarksburg where he suffered many privations, and had a "plague of a time of it." He blames the cook, however, for the most of the hardships attending his imprisonment. It seems

that the cook was infected with the spirit of speculation that was so much in the air during war times and saw a chance to realize some pocket money from the rations he drew at the commissary. While the cook would draw very liberal rations he was excessively economical in feeding them out.

There were but two meals a day, breakfast and supper. For breakfast the bill of fare consisted of a slice of very light bread, about four fingers broad, half tin cup of water and a slice of bacon two fingers broad and not much longer. Supper was served at 4 P. M., consisting uniformly of a tin cup of coffee and another small slice of bread, but no meat. It is but just to remark that all this was without the knowledge of the Federal officer in charge. An individual, who had been in the Southern service, was the cook and took advantage of this opportunity to make a little something for himself. He had found out that Confederates were in the habit of living on little or nothing, and to feed such was just to his advantage. He would make a nice thing of it and they would not know the difference, and would think they had "gotten" all that would be allowed.

Thus with the cheerful assistance of McBryde Gumm, the compiler of these sketches has had it in his power to illustrate the family history of William A. Gumm, a worthy citizen of our county in his day. All who remember William A. Gumm have a good word for him as a neighbor, friend and substantial, prosperous citizen. The way he came to have a middle name is a little out of the usual order. When Dnakum & Co. had a store at Dunmore William Gumm was a liberal dealer. There was another William Gumm from the vicinity of Green Bank, and the merchant to note the difference, and not get their accounts mixed called the one from Back Mountain William A. Gumm. In settling he had Mr Gumm to sign his name William A. Gumm.

From that circumstance he always thus signed his name in business affairs and in correspondence and so got his middle name Alleghany long after he became a grown person. In studying the origin of names it is interesting to find that a large number of names have originated from where persons happened to live.

Forty-six years last August the writer spent an hour or two at his newly made home in the woods, and ever since there has been a beautiful picture in his mind of a truly contented man with his home and surroundings, endowed with the power of making himself and all around him pleasant and cheerful.

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BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

The Gumm Relationship in Pocahontas.—The Descendants of William A. Gumm.

BY W. T. P.

The Gumm relationship in Pocahontas consists of two groups, descendants of Jacob Gumm and William A. Gumm respectively. The group considered in this paper trace their ancestry to William A. Gumm, who left Highland county, then Pendleton, in 1832, and located on the Redden place near Green Bank, now occupied by John Grogg. In 1841 Mr Gumm moved to Back Alleghany and settled in the woods, and opened up lands now occupied by his sons James and McBride.

Mrs Gumm was Elizabeth, daughter of James Higgins, of Pendleton, now Highland. Mr and Mrs Gumm were the parents of one daughter and two sons: Margaret Elsie, James Henry and Francis McBryde.

Margaret was first married to James A. Logan, and first settled on a section of the homestead. Her children were John Commodore, who died in 1861 while quite young and Elizabeth, who became Mrs E. O. Moore and lives on Deer Creek, near Green Bank.

By her second marriage Mrs Logan became Mrs Gragg and lives on Back Mountain near the homestead. It is her mother-in-law, Mrs Zebulon Gragg, who is believed to be the oldest person now living in our county.

James H. Gumm first married Sally Ann, daughter of Zebulon Gragg, and settled on a part of the homestead.

His second marriage was with Milda Hoover, daughter of Abel Hoover, near Gillespie. James H. Gumm was a Confederate soldier attached to the 62nd Regiment of Mounted Infantry that formed a part of General Imboden's command.

Francis McBryde Gumm first married Elizabeth Peck, from Lewis county, and settled on the homestead. There were two children by this marriage, James Floyd and Virginia Elizabeth, who are living near Montgomery City, Montgomery County, Missouri.

His second marriage was with Caroline Amanda, daughter of Ellis Houchin, whose wife was Comfort Slavin Higgins. The Houchin family was from East Virginia.

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For I have told him that I will judge his house forever for the iniquity which he knoweth, because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not.

And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offerings forever.

The sad results of parental indulgence were vividly presented, and most of the prevailing and threatened evils that now make the future so ominous for families and the nations are to be traced to mistaken kindness on the part of parents in not "restraining their sons and daughters" at the proper time, when under parental authority. One of the telling points made was in reference to indulging in things that parents regard as wrong, and the children think to be harmless, and will indulge in spite of parental wishes to the contrary. By so doing they fail to honor fathers and mothers, and by doing thus, what otherwise might be a harmless indulgence becomes a violation of the commandments, and dishonor to parents is prohibited along with murder and other crime. The speaker emphasized the importance of parents asserting their authority: restrain their children and drive from their thresholds the morally impure, with something of the same avulsion and horror that they would

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A BISHOP ON THE ROAD.

A recent issue of the New York World has an interesting article concerning the adventures of Bishop Coleman, of Delaware, who figured as a tramp a few weeks since in northern West Virginia. Unknown, in coarse clothing, he walked 235 miles in ten days. Beginning at Martinsburg he footed it to Romney over the Alleghanies, thence to Grafton, and then went down the Cumberland Valley on his return to Wilmington, Delaware, where his fine home is situated. On his tramp he would stop where night came on, and frequently did hard work for food and lodging. Mending clocks, tinkering umbrellas, sawing wood, or milking cows. He slept in a barn, a school-house, or under the trees. The Bishop is 61 years of age, of fine physique. He carried but little money on his journey, for which he found no special need.

The place where he had the most enjoyable incident was at the home of a mountaineer where he found a number of families assembled for a cottage prayer-meeting one evening. His spirit was so stirred by their devotions that he could not be silent, so he led in prayer and then preached, and left an impression on his hearers that will not be soon forgotten by them. He ranks as one of the eminent pulpit orators in the Episcopal church.

When asked by an interviewer as to what impression he got from these poor folks of the woods and mountains, what of them and their life, the Bishop is reported to have made this reply: "Ox-like patience. A wonderful contentment with hard conditions. No soft beds, no tempting food, no carpets, no love or comprehension of the beautiful, no comfort, and yet with it all a kind of happiness."

The Bishop was asked to what he attributed his rugged health, and his explanation was to this effect: "To my lifelong habit of walking—the best of all exercise; and to the fact that I have never tasted tea, coffee, or other stimulants."

He spent ten days on the excursion in actual walking, and covered 235 miles. The next time he takes a walk let him come to Pocahontas and find out what a nice place it is for "entertaining angels unawares." S. C. R.

HON THOMAS F. BAYARD.

This eminent man died the 28th of September at the home of his daughter, Dedham, Massachusetts. For nearly two months he had been unwell, owing chiefly to a breaking down incident to old age, being in his 70th year.

The Bayard family has been eminent in our country's history for two hundred years, and the late Senator was one of the most distinguished of the name. In 1685 Nicholas Bayard was mayor of New York; John Bayard was a leader in the Revolution, and four members of the family have been United States Senators from Delaware. The subject of this sketch was born in 1828. He became a distinguished lawyer, and was conspicuously prominent in his opposition to the civil war as the wrong way to settle the troubles complained of. He became United States Senator in 1868, and served three terms. In 1884, when Mr Cleveland was nominated for President, the next largest vote was cast for Mr Bayard, and he was Secretary of State in the first Cleveland Administration, and was Ambassador to England during the second Cleveland administration. Queen Victoria sent Mrs Bayard a telegram of sympathy.

His character was an honor to his country, as all cheerfully admit who may have differed widely with him as to political views. It was no doubt largely due to his influence that the present state of good feeling exists between England and America, and the American people may never fully realize how much they owe him for his good offices in this respect.

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S. C. R.
A BISHOP ON THE ROAD.
A recent issue of the New York World has an interesting article concerning the adventures of Bishop Coleman, of Delaware, who figured as a tramp a few weeks since in northern West Virginia. Unknown, in coarse clothing, he walked 235 miles in ten days. Beginning at Martinsburg he footed it to Romney over the Alleghanies, thence to Grafton, and then went down the Cumberland Valley on his return to Wilmington, Delaware, where his fine home is situated. On his tramp he would stop where night came on, and frequently did hard work for food and lodging. Mending clocks, tinkering umbrellas, sawing wood, or milking cows. He slept in a barn, a school-house, or under the trees. The Bishop is 61 years of age, of fine physique. He carried but little money on his journey, for which he found no special need.
The place where he had the most enjoyable incident was at the home of a mountaineer where he found a number of families assembled for a cottage prayer-meeting one evening. His spirit was so stirred by their devotions that he could not be silent, so he led in prayer and then preached, and left an impression on his hearers that will not be soon forgotten by them. He ranks as one of the eminent pulpit orators in the Episcopal church.
When asked by an interviewer as to what impression he got from these poor folks of the woods and mountains, what of them and their life, the Bishop is reported to have made this reply: "Ox-like patience. A wonderful contentment with hard conditions. No soft beds, no tempting food, no carpets, no love or comprehension of the beautiful, no comfort, and yet with it, all a kind of happiness."
The Bishop was asked to what he attributed his rugged health, and his explanation was to this effect: "To my lifelong habit of walking—the best of all exercise; and to the fact that I have never tasted tea, coffee, or other stimulants."
He spent ten days on the excursion in actual walking, and covered 235 miles. The next time he takes a walk let him come to Pocahontas and find out what a nice place it is for "entertaining angels unawares."
S. C. R.
HON THOMAS F. BAYARD.
This eminent man died the 28th of September at the home of his daughter, Dedham, Massachusetts. For nearly two months he had been unwell, owing chiefly to a breaking down incident to old age, being in his 70th year.
The Bayard family has been eminent in our country's history for two hundred years, and the late Senator was one of the most distinguished of the name. In 1685, Nicholas Bayard was mayor of New York; John Bayard was a leader in the Revolution, and four members of the family have been United States Senators from Delaware. The subject of this sketch was born in 1828. He became a distinguished lawyer, and was conspicuously prominent in his opposition to the civil war as the wrong way to settle the troubles complained of. He became United States Senator in 1868, and served three terms. In 1884, when Mr Cleveland was nominated for President, the next largest vote was cast for Mr Bayard, and he was Secretary of State in the first Cleveland Administration, and was Ambassador to England during the second Cleveland administration. Queen Victoria sent Mrs Bayard a telegram of sympathy.
His character was an honor to his country, as all cheerfully admit who may have differed widely with him as to political views. It was no doubt largely due to his influence that the present state of good feeling exists between England and America, and the American people may never fully realize how much they owe him for his good offices in this respect.

THE MILK-WHITE HIND.

Col John T. McGraw's speech of acceptance delivered at the convention that nominated him has been pronounced of high literary merit, something that can be said of very few political addresses. In that speech in speaking of the Democratic party, he burst into song, quoting, "The snow-white hind so often doomed to death is fated not to die."

This the ubiquitous country newspaper rendered "The snow-white hind," and so destroyed its usefulness.

Col. McGraw took his thought from Dryden's poem, the "Hind and the Panther"; the hind represents the church. The reader will see in this selection that the speaker took the thought rather than the words:

"A milk-white Hind immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger; for she knew no sin.
Yet she had oft been chased with horns and bounds,
And Scythian shafts and many winged wounds
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, tho' fated not to die."

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

Mrs Diana Saunders, a Pioneer on Dry Creek.

Soon after the war of 1812 there came to our county one of the most interesting and eccentric personalities that our older people remember anything about, Mrs Diana Saunders, late of Rocky Point, on Dry Branch of Swago. She was the widowed mother of four children, Anna, Eleanor, Cyrus, and Isaac. Her cabin home was built near the head springs of Dry Branch, almost in speaking distance of the Rocky Point school house, and just below.

Cyrus Saunders lived in Madison County, Virginia, and was a merchant and a citizen of prominence.

Isaac Saunders, upon attaining his majority, went to Fayette County, married, and settled on the banks of New River not far from Hawk's Nest. His sister Anna made her home with him for a time, and then became Mrs Ewing of Fayette County.

Eleanor Saunders was married to the late Barnett Adkisson, from Madison County, and lived on Spruce Flat at the head of Swago, on the place now occupied by James Adkisson where he has just built a nice new house. In reference to her children we have in hand the following particulars, communicated by John Adkisson.

Catherine first became Mrs William Tyler, from Madison County, and then Mrs Jacob Weiford, near Mill Point.

William Adkisson, whose wife was Martha Jones, from Madison county, lived on Spruce Flat.

Abel Adkisson, whose first wife was Susannah, daughter of the late Daniel Adkisson, and whose second wife was Frances Hughes, lived on the head of Swago, where his son Oliver Blake now lives.

Daniel Adkisson married Mary Holmes, of Madison County, and settled on Spruce Flats.

Isaac Adkisson married Martha Young and lived at the "Young Place" on Rich Mountain.

Frances Adkisson first became Mrs James W. Silvey, and lived at the head of Swago. She was afterwards married to the late Joseph Rodgers and lives near Mill Point.

Nancy married Benjamin Taylor, of Orange County, and settled on New River. He was a hatter by occupation.

Martha Jane Adkisson married James Arthur, of Webster County, and went to the western part of our State.

Lucinda Adkisson, the youngest of Eleanor's daughters, was married to Rev Joshua Buckley and lived at Buckeye. Some reference to her family is made in other sketches.

But few persons have left their impress upon the writer's memory more vividly than Mrs Diana

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David James, Senior, of Droop Mountain.—Died Aged 104.

W. T. F. David James, Senior, was one of the first settlers of the Droop neighborhood, in lower Pocahontas. He was from Norfolk, Virginia. It is believed he came here soon after the Revolution and located for a while near the head of Trump Run, on property now owned by Richard Callison. He then lived some years at the Rocky Turn, now known as the Irvine place, where he built a mill. One of the stones is yet to be seen just below the road near where the mill stood.

From the Irvine place he moved on lands now occupied by George Cochran. The house is still standing and furnishes a correct idea of the kind of houses the pioneers lived in. It was here he passed the latter years of his life and passed away at the age of 104 years. The name and parentage of his wife are not remembered.

His family consisted of three daughters and two sons: Nellie, Martha, Sally, David and John.

Nellie James was married to Thomas Cochran, second wife, and lived near Marvin. Her children were William, Samuel, Isaac, David, Solomon, James, Jesse, Rebecca and Nellie. Special mention of these children found in the Cochran Sketches.

Martha was married to John Salisbury and lived on Trump Run and finally went west. This John Salisbury was a son of William Salisbury, a native of England who opened the Salisbury settlement on Trump Run. William Salisbury's wife Mary was a native of Scotland. He lived to the age of 104 years; and he is to be remembered as one of the pioneers of Lower Pocahontas.

Sally became Mrs. John Catlip who opened up an improvement on Droop Mountain, now in possession of the Renick family. Her children were David, Abram, John, George, Martha and Elizabeth. The latter married David Kennison and went to the West.

David James, Junior, married Catherine Parks and settled on Droop Mountain. They were the parents of these children: Mordecai, Jennie, Samuel, Elizabeth, John, Rebecca, Martha and Mary.

Mordecai married Martha Sharp and went West. The Sharps lived on the Joshua Kee place, near Marlinton.

Jennie became Mrs. Jesse Cochran. Her marriage was attended by very romantic incidents, illustrating the fact that all may be well that ends well.

Samuel married Elizabeth Ewing, daughter of William Ewing, who lived on the Greenbrier, where Joseph Perkins now resides, and went West. William Ewing excelled as a maker of wooden mould boards for plows, and had all he could do to meet the demand.

John married Nellie Cochran.

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John James married Nellie, daughter of Thomas Cochran, the pioneer, and settled on Droop, where Lincoln Cochran now lives, but finally moved West. Their family consisted of three daughters and two sons: Jane, Eliza, Kate, David, William and John.

Thus with the assistance of the venerable John Cochran, probably the oldest man now living on the Pocahontas and Greenbrier border, and George Cochran, his relative and neighbor, the writer has been able to give something in illustrating the James' family history.

This paper will be concluded by recalling the fact that David James, Junior, lived to the age of 106 years. The greatest age attained by any one of our Pocahontas citizens, concerning whom we have any authentic information. The cottage home still stands whence he departed for the unseen world, and his grave will be an object of interest in our local annals and should be carefully marked so as not to be forgotten.

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marriage with Nellie, daughter of David James, Sr., deserves mention from the fact that he was a veteran of the war of 1812. As has been noted elsewhere David Cochran's first wife was Sally Salisbury, daughter of William Salisbury, the Englishman, and lived on the Salisbury Place. He had for his mess-mates in the army William Salisbury, Jr., John McNeil, (known as Little John) and John R. Flemmens. He was in the affair at Crainey Island, near Norfolk. While it is not certain, yet

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David Cochran, the veteran, suffered grievously the last three or four years of his life. He was treated by Mrs. Diddle, of Monroe County for three years. She undertook to cure the case for forty dollars. Several visits were made; she was at his bedside when he died of hemorrhage, superinduced by the cancer, in October, 1881.

John Cochran has a vivid recollection of the Regimental Muster at Huntersville, in May, 1864. On returning from muster rather late in the evening, persons were raising their horses in a furious charge against imaginary British on the Cummings Creek road, two miles from Huntersville. While not in the charge, Isaac Jordan's horse seemed to smell something of the make-believe battle, became unmanageable, reared and plunged, throwing his rider and severely fracturing his thigh. William Gibson, merchant and hotel-keeper at Huntersville, was sent for. After considerable delay, means were contrived to carry the injured and suffering man back to Huntersville in the dark. Squire Gibson, though not a physician, took charge of the case, reduced the fracture and kept the patient at his house for three months. John Cochran was employed to nurse him, and staid by him all the while, until he could be brought home.

John Cochran in his prime was a person of uncommon agility and muscular power. He was jovial in disposition and had a good word for every body, and yet it was his misfortune to be in one of the fiercest personal combats that ever occurred in his neighborhood. With remarkable magnanimity his opponent confessed himself in the fault and ever after there was no more fighting for John Cochran. Trouble quit looking for him after that.

George Cochran lives in the old James house. He was a faithful Confederate soldier and stands up for the Lost Cause with a fluent vim that is refreshing.

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BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

John Burgess, the Irish immigrant.—John Burgess, Jr. the Ancestor of the Pocahontas Burgessses.

W. T. P.

Concurrently with the passing century, the name Burgess has been a familiar one in lower and middle Pocahontas. The progenitor of this relationship was John Burgess, Senior, a native of Ireland. He was a weaver by occupation and settled near Albany, N. Y., where he diligently plied his vocation, some years previous to the Revolution. The name of his wife or her family is not remembered. There were two sons and four daughters.

Elizabeth Burgess became Mrs William Young.

Two of the daughters, names not remembered, married two brothers by the name of Kelly, and lived in New York State.

James Burgess became a preacher in the pale of the Congregational Church, and settled in Kentucky, among the pioneer ministers of that region.

John Burgess, Junior, married a Miss Kelly, of New York, and soon after the Revolution removed to Harrisonburg, Virginia. In his family were three sons and eight daughters, concerning whom we have the following details, furnished by David Burgess:

Mary (Polly) married her cousin James Young and settled in Augusta County. Their son William Young was a soldier in the war of 1812, and died in service at Norfolk Virginia.

Nancy was married to William Mayse and settled at Mill Point, now Pocahontas County. He was among the first blacksmiths that struck sparks from the anvil in that vicinity. William Mayse, a grandson, was a captain in the civil war and afterwards a government clerk in Washington, D. C.

Jane became Mrs Thomas Armstrong and lived near Churchville, Virginia.

Hampton Burgess went to Ohio in early manhood, married a Miss Smith and settled in that State.

Nathan Burgess married Martha Kinnison, of Charles Kinnison; the pioneer, and settled on lands now in the possession of the Payne family. He was a skillful gunsmith. Late in the previous century and for a number of the earlier years of the current century, many of the older hunters were supplied by him with rifles. Some of his rifles were used by riflemen in military service. One of the best specimens of his workmanship was made for the late William McNeil, of Buckeye. When last heard of it was the property of James Moore. It was reputed to be one of the most accurate in aim and far reaching of mountain rifles ever in the county. It would be well if it could be gotten and deposited in the Museum of the West Virginia Historical Society at Charleston.

John Burgess was born near Albany in 1778. He was a mere youth when his father came to Harrisonburg. From Rockingham he came to the Levels, about 1798.

His first marriage was with Sarah Casebolt, and lived near Mill Point. The children of the first marriage were John, James, Archibald, Paul, Hannah and Mary. Hannah became Mrs David McNair and lived in Augusta. The first Mrs Burgess died about 1813. Soon after her death John Burgess moved to the mountain farm, west of the head of Swago.

His second marriage was with Hannah McNair, daughter of Daniel McNair, in the vicinity of Churchville. The McNairs were pioneers along with the Boones, Millers, Moffetts and McDowells, notable families in the Valley of Virginia, in the pioneer era. The McNairs were from Pennsylvania. The children of the second marriage were David, Martha and Elizabeth.

John Burgess was a carpenter by occupation. He did the carpenter work on the dwelling occupied for many years by the late George W. Poage, the ruins of which are still to be seen near Preston, Clark's beautiful home. The Jordan barn

near Hillsboro was one of his many jobs, and still stands in a good state of preservation. For a long series of years he made most of the coffins needed in lower Pocahontas. He was drafted into military service during the war of 1812, but owing to the critical state of his wife's health, he was permitted to put in a substitute, and remain with his family. He thus escaped the suffering and privation that caused the death of many of our mountain people during the notable defense of Norfolk, vicinity that was planned to shield Richmond from British invasion and depredation.

John Burgess, Jr., of John, the immigrant, the immediate ancestor of the Pocahontas families, whose history is illustrated in part by this sketch, claimed to have been a Revolutionary soldier and served in the artillery, and was one of the first to enlist and the last to be disbanded of the New York Continental Troops. While we have in hand no positive information to this effect, yet there is much reason for believing that John Burgess, Jr., was at the surrender of General Burgoyne.

As the reader will readily remember very memorable events occurred not very far from where John Burgess, the immigrant, lived and reared his family. It is more than probable that his loom wove the blanket his son used in the service and some of the neighbor soldiers were clothed in material prepared by his industrious hands.

Thus close one more brief chapter in the suggestive history of our Pocahontas People. Let it be our aim not only to emulate, but surpass what our ancestry accomplished and ever strive not only to keep but improve upon what has come to us from their self-sacrificing toils and good names.

She Had Her Way.

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"I guess not."

"He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole seat, and the car is crowded. There are people standing up."

"That's all right."

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African Courtship.

The other evening I saw among the natives the carrying off of a girl from a location. This carrying off is called by them ukutwala, and the girl, tho not indisposed to accept the man, causes obstacles to be placed in his way. He eventually watches his opportunity (after first placing so many head of cattle in the kral of the girl's father) and carries her off by main force. The heart-rending cries of the bride as she is carried away are something pitiful—a cry that pierces the heart of a Christian, but is a cry of her own, which, being interpreted, means: "Do n't take me, but I want to go, for I like it."—Johannesburg Standard.

"The first wire-wound gun" ordered by the United States is expected to be delivered at the proving ground at Sandy Hook, New York harbor, soon," says Cassier's Magazine. "This gun will be of 10 inches bore, 46 calibres in length, and will weigh 30 tons. The contract specifies a normal initial velocity of 2,600 feet per second, or 300 feet per second more than that required for any hooped gun in the United States service. J. H. Brown the inventor of this type of gun is confident that it will stand a charge sufficient to raise the muzzle velocity to 3,000 feet per second without material injury to its structure. From official experiments already made at Sandy Hook proving-ground with an experimental Birch Brown gun, this initial velocity appears not only possible, but probable."

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

John Burgess, the Irish immigrant.—John Burgess, Jr. the Ancestor of the Pocahontas Burgessses.

W. T. P.

Concurrently with the passing century, the name Burgess has been a familiar one in lower and middle Pocahontas. The progenitor of this relationship was John Burgess, Senior, a native of Ireland. He was a weaver by occupation and settled near Albany, N. Y., where he diligently plied his vocation, some years previous to the Revolution. The name of his wife or her family is not remembered. There were two sons and four daughters.

Elizabeth Burgess became Mrs William Young.

Two of the daughters, names not remembered, married two brothers by the name of Kelly, and lived in New York State.

James Burgess became a preacher in the pale of the Congregational Church, and settled in Kentucky, among the pioneer ministers of that region.

John Burgess, Junior, married a Miss Kelly, of New York, and soon after the Revolution removed to Harrisonburg, Virginia. In his family were three sons and eight daughters, concerning whom we have the following details, furnished by David Burgess:

Mary (Polly) married her cousin James Young and settled in Augusta County. Their son William Young was a soldier in the war of 1812, and died in service at Norfolk Virginia.

Nancy was married to William Mayse and settled at Mill Point, now Pocahontas County. He was among the first blacksmiths that struck sparks from the anvil in that vicinity. William Mayse, a grandson, was a captain in the civil war and afterwards a government clerk in Washington, D. C.

Jane became Mrs Thomas Armstrong and lived near Churchville, Virginia.

Hampton Burgess went to Ohio in early manhood, married a Miss Smith and settled in that State.

Nathan Burgess married Martha Kinnison, of Charles Kinnison; the pioneer, and settled on lands now in the possession of the Payne family. He was a skillful gunsmith. Late in the previous century and for a number of the earlier years of the current century, many of the older hunters were supplied by him with rifles. Some of his rifles were used by riflemen in military service. One of the best specimens of his workmanship was made for the late William McNeil, of Buckeye. When last heard of it was the property of James Moore. It was reputed to be one of the most accurate in aim and far reaching of mountain rifles ever in the county. It would be well if it could be gotten and deposited in the Museum of the West Virginia Historical Society at Charleston.

John Burgess was born near Albany in 1778. He was a mere youth when his father came to Harrisonburg. From Rockingham he came to the Levels, about 1798. His first marriage was with Sarah Casebolt, and lived near Mill Point. The children of the first marriage were John, James, Archibald, Paul, Hannah and Mary. Hannah became Mrs David McNair and lived in Augusta. The first Mrs Burgess died about 1813. Soon after her death John Burgess moved to the mountain farm, west of the head of Swago.

His second marriage was with Hannah McNair, daughter of Daniel McNair, in the vicinity of Churchville. The McNairs were pioneers along with the Boones, Millers, Moffetts and McDowells, notable families in the Valley of Virginia, in the pioneer era. The McNairs were from Pennsylvania. The children of the second marriage were David, Martha and Elizabeth.

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Memoir of Joseph Moore, Esq.,
late of Anthonys Creek.

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Joseph Moore, Esq., late of Anthonys Creek was one of the most widely known citizens of our county in his day. His parents were William Moore and Margaret, his wife. It is believed they came from Rockbridge county about 1780. No known relationship is claimed with other branches of the Moores. They opened up a home on the knoll just south of Preston Harper's, where a rivulet crosses the road. Their house was just below the present road at that point. It was here they lived and died. Their remains were buried on the east side of the creek, on the terrace south of the tenant house now standing there. Samuel Harper has seen their graves.

These pioneers were the parents of two sons and two daughters: Joseph, John, Mary (Polly) and a daughter whose name seems to be lost to memory.

John Moore went to Kentucky. Mary was the wife of Col John Baxter, who was the first Colonel of the 127th Regiment, and a member of the Virginia Legislature, and was very prominent in the organization of the county.

Joseph Moore was a soldier in the war of 1812. During his absence he met and married Hannah Gady in East Virginia. She was a native of Connecticut, and was a school teacher, and is spoken of by the older people as a sprightly person. Soon after his return, Joseph Moore settled on the homestead, building his house between Goelet's residence and the barn. He finally moved to Anthonys Creek.

Their family consisted of five daughters and three sons: Hannah, Sarah, Matilda, Margaret, Abigail, Daniel, Joseph, Jr., and Henry Harrison.

Sarah was married to Jackson Bussard, on Anthonys Creek. He was a Confederate soldier, and died in the battle of Dry Creek, near the White Sulphur. Joseph H. Bussard, Assessor for Pocahontas, is her son.

Matilda became Mrs Elijah May on Anthonys Creek. Her sons John and Calvin married Lizzie and Lillie, daughters of Mr and Mrs Register Moore, near Marlinton.

Margaret was married to Jacob Blizzard, of Greenbrier County, and went West.

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One of my earliest recollections of Squire Moore was when I was a half grown lad, attending school at Huntersville from home in Marlinton. My first lessons in grammar were conned during those morning and evening rides. One play-time I was at "Governor" Haynes' Hotel, on the corner now occupied by the McClintic property. Squire Moore, who had spent the forenoon in the clerk's office with the late Henry M. Moffett, was seen coming up the street very slowly. It was a hot day in summer, and he was in his shirt sleeves, with his vest unbuttoned and thrown open, and full saddle bags over his shoulder. Mr Haynes calls out, "Squire

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After proving out things in our ciphering consultation, we had a talk about the Bible and Christian religion. I was a Bible distributor at that time, as some of the older people may remember. The habit the Squire had of "proving out" things came into evidence again:

"William, you must excuse me if I talk a little plain to you for you may think strangely of the way I sometimes talk. There are people who think I am an infidel because I sometimes make remarks they do not agree with. I have studied a good deal about religion, and if you have as much sense as I think you have, you will some day see these things as I do. I always keep a Bible or Testament handy to me when I am at home and most always carry a Testament in my saddle pockets when away on business.

"Now you must excuse me, William, when I say to you that in my private opinion there can't be much in the Christian religion if it puts its most earnest and zealous professors to wearing out the knees of their pants in religious services in the fall and winter, and then lets them turn over and wear out the rest of their breeches backsliding during the spring and summer. Somehow, William, it does not prove out to suit my notion what religion should be, provided there is such a thing as religion anyhow."

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HISTORICAL OUTLINE.

Memorabilia of Huntersville and Organization of the County.

PART II.

During the war Huntersville was burned by Federal troops sent in from the Union garrison at Beverly so as to prevent its being a Confederate depot for military supplies. When peace was restored between the States, Huntersville recuperated rapidly. Flourishing stores were carried on by Amos Barlow and J. C. Louny & Son, the farms reenclosed, improved methods of agriculture adopted, and at this time presents a more attractive appearance than at any time in all its previous history.

The more notable days in the history of Huntersville and of the county citizenship were the trainings and the general muster that would follow. For several years after the organization of the 127th Regiment the Brigade Inspector was Major John Alexander of Lexington. He would bring his drummer and fife with him, two likely colored men uniformed in scarlet, like British soldiers, and were the admiration and envy of all the colored people. Some of the colored boys would say that they could desire no better heaven than be musicians and wear such red clothes.

When the militia regulations were modified the Colonel of the Regiment would train the officers for about three consecutive days before the Regimental Muster. These were usually seasons of much social hilarity, and the saloons reaped lucrative returns. The Musters came off in May, just after corn planting. More animated scenes were never witnessed in our county as the throngs passed into Huntersville from all sections. The song, the laugh, the jest enlivened the hotels. The street was thronged with crowds, passing and repassing.

About 11 o'clock the long-roll of the drum was heard, the Colonel and his staff appeared at the head of the street, and paraded the street preceded by drum and fife. On their return, the Colonel instructed the Adjutant to have the Regiment formed. The Colonel and staff would then disappear, and retire to headquarters. In the meantime the loud orders of the Captains were heard, for their men to fall into ranks, and, when formed, the Adjutant placed them in position, and then reported to the Colonel that all was in readiness. The Colonel and staff reappeared at the head of the Regiment. Three beautiful silken flags were put in charge of the color guard. The rear rank of the Regiment fell back a few paces in open order. A procession, formed of the Colonel's staff and color-guard, preceded by the band, reviewed the Regiment, stationed by the flags, and returned to the head of the Regiment. In stentorian tones, the order was given to close ranks and form a column of twos, and soon the whole Regiment would be on the march for a neighboring field, selected for the evolutions. The field just west of the town was frequently selected, and the one back of the courthouse was sometimes used. Two or three hours would be passed in the evolutions. The bugle would sound the retreat, the drum and fife take up "Bonaparte's Retreat from Moscow," and the whole column would prepare to leave the field and fall back on Huntersville in slow and regular order. Having formed in open order on the street the Colonel and staff, preceded by the music, had another procession to collect the flags. The color-guard was led to the head of the column, the Colonel dismounted, received the flags one by one, and each was saluted by the roll of the drum, and placed away for safe keeping.

After this the Regiment was disbanded, and then came the funny scenes that would require a very graphic pen to describe with due justice. Cakes, beer and something stronger were now in profuse requisition. The sun would sometimes go down, leaving a large crowd enjoying the hilarity of the occasion, seemingly sorry that muster day did not last a week, at

least. "Tomorrow is Sunday and there is no use in being in a hurry to get home. Let us go it while we are here and have a chance," were some of the communications that were quite a strain to good morals.

Among the distinguished citizens of the county who were Colonels of this Regiment appear the names of John Baxter, Benjamin Tallman, John Hill, Paul McNeel, D. W. Kerr, James Tallman, W. T. Gammon, James T. Lockridge, David W. Kerr yet lives (1898,) and is the only survivor.

The next notable days were the Superior Court terms, when lawyers and Judges from abroad would be present and hold the courts with marked dignity, being out of reach of the voters and asked nobody any favors. Their decisions were above suspicion, and but few cases were ever appealed. Such as were appealed never amounted to anything very encouraging.

The Circuit Judges in the order named were Judge Taylor, of Lexington; J. J. Allen, of Fincastle; Judge Johnson, also of Fincastle, who died while attending court in Huntersville; Judge Harrison, Union; Judges Holt and McWhorter, Lewisburg, and Judge Campbell, of Union.

The Clerks of Pocahontas have been John Baxter, pro tem., Josiah Beard, H. M. Moffett, James Tallman, General William Skeene, William Curry, Robert Gay, and John J. Beard. The foregoing held both of the offices at the same time. A few years since the offices were divided and J. H. Patterson became Circuit Clerk and S. L. Brown County Clerk. During war times William Curry was clerk and his adventures and success in preserving the records will be remembered as long as the county lasts as one of the most notable instances of official fidelity in the history of the State.

The important and responsible office of Commonwealth's Attorney has been held by Johnston Reynolds, of Lewisburg; W. H. Terrell, Warm Springs; D. A. Stoffer, R. S. Turk, and L. M. McClintic.

The attorneys who have plead at the Huntersville Bar include such names as the following, besides those already mentioned: J. Howe Peyton, General Samuel C. Blackburne, George Mayse, Andrew Dameron, Captain R. F. Dennis, J. C. Woodson, Judge Matthew Edmonson, F. J. Snyder, Judge Seig, O. P. Jones, L. H. and J. W. Stephenson, William McAllister, Judge Bailey, Governor Samuel Price, Dr. Rucker, J. W. Arbuckle, T. H. Dennis, J. T. McAllister. The resident attorneys have been Captain T. A. Bradford, Captain D. A. Stoffer, General William Skeene, H. S. Rucker, R. S. Turk, C. Osburne, C. F. Moore, N. C. McNeil, W. A. Bratton, L. M. McClintic.

The physicians who have been located Huntersville were Dr. Sexton, Dr. McClelland, Dr. Porterfield Wallace, from Rockbridge, and Dr. John Payne, of Waynesboro. Dr. Payne claimed to be sufficiently proficient in fifteen trades and occupations to make a living by any one if required to do so. So far as known Dr. George B. Moffett was the first graduate in medicine to locate in Huntersville. He came in 1843. Since then the Scott brothers, Howard & Archie, Dr. Matt Wallace, Dr. H. M. Patterson, Dr. J. M. Hamilton and Dr. S. P. Patterson have been resident physicians. The last named is the present resident physician and surgeon.

For many years a thriving business was carried on in the harness and saddlery business. First by John Haines, Esq., who employed three or four hands. After him William Fertig, who employed as many, and handsome returns were realized by both. William Fertig finally went into merchandising. The business is now in the hands of Messrs. Grose, father and son.

Before the peripatetic children of Israel brought ready made clothing in our county, tailoring was a good business at Huntersville. Messrs. Campbell and John and James Holden, turned out a

great deal of work. Three and four hands would be busy much of the time, especially in the fall and early winter, or when there were weddings in prospect. The shop was about where Judge Moore built his office. Weddings also gave the saddlers a goodly share of business. It was considered in good form for the bride to have a new outfit, horse, saddle and bridle. The groom would not think he had much of a chance for success, if he did not do his courting and visiting on a new saddle, all made at Huntersville.

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W. T. P.

Against Delay.

Gather the rose-buds while you may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while you may, go marry:
For, having once but lost your prime,
You may forever tarry.—Herriek.

Quay, without specially desiring to revive plum-tree memories, might well exclaim: "Shake!" when he meets a friend these days. The Times, Philadelphia.

By carefully examining the returns, Mr. McKinley will see that Destiny got her wires crossed in a few places.—The Tribune, Detroit.

Count

THE HO

The following fragment from Potts, deceased

"I, John Potts, seventy-first year of the experience, as a miller over the flees from an evil h
"My father me, and from the mill place to me; dust; the bi heavy wooden mill have been My father ta and we worl member, not more of the w his hair until or night and was twenty-th life, his being end, and the r scended to me

"Now I know world to say t have hairy pa made the sub times than I head. I tau when it was t never heard it at my palm a untarily. I harmless amu afforded heav up to my cre count hereaft

"In a certain Honest is but at best. The safe assertion now, a safe honest man's God, for no brave enough have been honest than dit for being, expected me I can claim to But that dic wanted to be after a time I set about right

"I have p agent miller says he lays damages if I than one gr How much miller wants grain is left does the cust ful more or l ler would ask begrudge it. miller hesitat er a couple o mentioned it.

"They told lawyers neve was never an one jury in fore a justice have a crack but he knew me by exousi that I was a that did get worse than e ed to have d better off by

"After my was no one l the old log-b by the mill-r to get marrie since and h that I was ne My frame w together, an have been s It looked lik sold at a p time I was t was in blissf rugged featu ed to attract met with se tried to ruffi
"At that t urred to me or walks of l or that any r acquaintance tions to beco Then it was,

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The protracted meeting at Marvin, conducted by Rev Dills, seems to be doing much good.

The Gypsy camp is near the church, and the Gypsies seem to enjoy the music and motions of Christians very much.

There is no doubt that men are created for the accomplishment of some good in the world, but the calling cannot be read from the heart of the hand. There is a science called astrology that will show to a man the exact calling or occupation for him, and no man can have genuine success unless he follows the pursuit he is made for. Mill Point now has a Professor in Astrology.

The camp of Gypsies now at Marvin is without a doubt the largest ever in the county. They are now preparing to leave, but for the last two weeks things have been kept stirring on their account such as horse trading, horse racing and fortune telling. The Gypsy mode of fortune telling is nothing more nor less than a sort of mind reading, accompanied by an acquaintance with human nature. By continual practice the Gypsy can with some accuracy tell with some accuracy their passions and desires, by simply glancing at the open countenance.

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The Proportions.

It is a rule, somewhat severe,
But true as Deuteronomy;
There 's just one month of Christmas cheer,
And eleven of economy.
—Washington Star.

Quarterly Meetings.

Pendleton, Judy Church, December 3, 4; Highland, Fair View, Dec. 10, 11; Edray, Dec. 17, 18; Bonceverte, Mt Sidney, Dec. 31, January 1; Monroe, Central, January 7, 8; Greenbrier, McMillion, 21, 22; Paint Bank, Maple Grove, 28, 29; Rich Patch, Alleghany Station, Feb. 4, 5; Angusta, Sherando, Feb. 11, 12; Blue Sulphur, Hills Chapel, February 25, 26; Forest Hill, Potertown, March 11, 12.

D. C. HEDRICK. P. E.

HISTORICAL OUTLINE.

Memorabilia of Huntersville and Organization of the County.

PART II.

During the war Huntersville was burned by Federal troops sent in from the Union garrison at Beverly so as to prevent its being a Confederate depot for military supplies. When peace was restored between the States, Huntersville recuperated rapidly. Flourishing stores were carried on by Amos Barlow and J. C. Louny & Son, the farms reenclosed, improved methods of agriculture adopted, and at this time presents a more attractive appearance than at any time in all its previous history.

The more notable days in the history of Huntersville and of the county citizenship were the trainings and the general muster that would follow. For several years after the organization of the 127th Regiment the Brigade Inspector was Major John Alexander of Lexington. He would bring his drummer and fife with him, two likely colored men uniformed in scarlet, like British soldiers, and were the admiration and envy of all the colored people. Some of the colored boys would say that they could desire no better heaven than be musicians and wear such red clothes.

When the militia regulations were modified the Colonel of the Regiment would train the officers for about three consecutive days before the Regimental Muster. These were usually seasons of much social hilarity, and the saloons reaped lucrative returns. The Musters came off in May, just after corn planting. More animated scenes were never witnessed in our county as the throngs passed into Huntersville from all sections. The song, the laugh, the jest enlivened the hotels. The street was thronged with crowds, passing and repassing.

About 11 o'clock the long-roll of the drum was heard, the Colonel and his staff appeared at the head of the street, and paraded the street preceded by drum and fife. On their return, the Colonel instructed the Adjutant to have the Regiment formed. The Colonel and staff would then disappear, and retire to headquarters. In the meantime the loud orders of the Captains were heard, for their men to fall into ranks, and, when formed, the Adjutant placed them in position, and then reported to the Colonel that all was in readiness. The Colonel and staff reappeared at the head of the Regiment. Three beautiful silken flags were put in charge of the color guard. The rear rank of the Regiment fell back a few paces in open order. A procession, formed of the Colonel's staff and color-guard, preceded by the band, reviewed the Regiment, stationed by the flags, and returned to the head of the Regiment. In stentorian tones, the order was given to close ranks and form a column of twos, and soon the whole Regiment would be on the march for a neighboring field, selected for the evolutions. The field just west of the town was frequently selected, and the one back of the courthouse was sometimes used. Two or three hours would be passed in the evolutions. The bugle would sound the retreat, the drum and fife take up "Bonaparte's Retreat from Moscow," and the whole column would prepare to leave the field and fall back on Huntersville in slow and regular order. Having formed in open order on the street the Colonel and staff, preceded by the music, had another procession to collect the flags. The color-guard was led to the head of the column, the Colonel dismounted, received the flags one by one, and each was saluted by the roll of the drum, and placed away for safe keeping.

After this the Regiment was disbanded, and then came the funny scenes that would require a very graphic pen to describe with due justice. Cakes, beer and something stronger were now in profuse requisition. The sun would sometimes go down, leaving a large crowd enjoying the hilarity of the occasion, seemingly sorry that muster day did not last a week, at

least. "Tomorrow is Sunday and there is no use in being in a hurry to get home. Let us go it while we are here and have a chance," were some of the communications that were quite a strain to good morals.

Among the distinguished citizens of the county who were Colonels of this Regiment appear the names of John Baxter, Benjamin Tallman, John Hill, Paul McNeel, D. W. Kerr, James Tallman, W. T. Gammon, James T. Lockridge, David W. Kerr yet lives (1898,) and is the only survivor.

The next notable days were the Superior Court terms, when lawyers and Judges from abroad would be present and hold the courts with marked dignity, being out of reach of the voters and asked nobody any favors. Their decisions were above suspicion, and but few cases were ever appealed. Such as were appealed never amounted to anything very encouraging.

The Circuit Judges in the order named were Judge Taylor, of Lexington; J. J. Allen, of Fincastle; Judge Johnson, also of Fincastle, who died while attending court in Huntersville; Judge Harrison, Union; Judges Holt and McWhorter, Lewisburg, and Judge Campbell, of Union.

The Clerks of Pocahontas have been John Baxter, pro tem., Josiah Beard, H. M. Moffett, James Tallman, General William Skeene, William Curry, Robert Gay, and John J. Beard. The foregoing held both of the offices at the same time. A few years since the offices were divided and J. H. Patterson became Circuit Clerk and S. L. Brown County Clerk. During war times William Curry was clerk and his adventures and success in preserving the records will be remembered as long as the county lasts as one of the most notable instances of official fidelity in the history of the State.

The important and responsible office of Commonwealth's Attorney has been held by Johnston Reynolds, of Lewisburg; W. H. Terrell, Warm Springs; D. A. Stoffer, R. S. Turk, and L. M. McClintic.

The attorneys who have plead at the Huntersville Bar include such names as the following, besides those already mentioned: J. Howe Peyton, General Samuel C. Blackburne, George Mayse, Andrew Dameron, Captain R. F. Dennis, J. C. Woodson, Judge Matthew Edmonson, F. J. Snyder, Judge Seig, O. P. Jones, L. H. and J. W. Stephenson, William McAllister, Judge Bailey, Governor Samuel Price, Dr. Rucker, J. W. Arbuckle, T. H. Dennis, J. T. McAllister. The resident attorneys have been Captain T. A. Bradford, Captain D. A. Stoffer, General William Skeene, H. S. Rucker, R. S. Turk, C. Osburne, C. F. Moore, N. C. McNeil, W. A. Bratton, L. M. McClintic.

The physicians who have been located Huntersville were Dr. Sexton, Dr. McClelland, Dr. Porterfield Wallace, from Rockbridge, and Dr. John Payne, of Waynesboro. Dr. Payne claimed to be sufficiently proficient in fifteen trades and occupations to make a living by any one if required to do so. So far as known Dr. George B. Moffett was the first graduate in medicine to locate in Huntersville. He came in 1843. Since then the Scott brothers, Howard & Archie, Dr. Matt Wallace, Dr. H. M. Patterson, Dr. J. M. Hamilton and Dr. S. P. Patterson have been resident physicians. The last named is the present resident physician and surgeon.

For many years a thriving business was carried on in the harness and saddlery business. First by John Haines, Esq., who employed three or four hands. After him William Fertig, who employed as many, and handsome returns were realized by both. William Fertig finally went into merchandising. The business is now in the hands of Messrs. Grose, father and son.

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D. C. HEDRICK. P. E.

Belief.

When boughs are shaken of bloom
and leaves drifting, too;
I would recall their first perfume
and the sunlight sifting through;
When fields lie barren without,
and bitter frosts are come,
Bid me not hear the winds of doubt
that with the darkness roam.

When hours grow dim and gray,
and the song of the years is sung
Leave me the thrill of the dawn
in a heart that is young,
is young!
Tho hope be a blossom whirled,
and time doth pillage and win,
Let me hearken the pulse of the world,
and learn of the truth therein.

Ay, tho my dreams shall pale while
night but an ember lures,
Let me believe, tho its light shall
fail, that love, that love endures!
—The Bookman.

HISTORICAL OUTLINE.

Memorabilia of Huntersville and Organization of the County.

PART III.

In regard to educational inter-
ests Huntersville has had some
good schools. About the year 1841
a chartered Academy was built
near the place now occupied by
Dr S. P. Patterson's elegant resi-
dence. The names of the teachers,
as now remembered, were J. C.
Hume, h. les, from Greenville, Aug-
usta; A. Crawford, from Browns-
burg, Virginia; Reverend T. P. W.
Magruder, from Maryland; J. W.
Price, and a Professor Miller, from
Pennsylvania.

To Huntersville is due the dis-
tinction of being the first place in
Pocahontas where a Sunday-school
was held throughout the year,—an
"evergreen Sunday-school." Late
in the year of 1839, Reverend J.
M. Harris, a young minister in
broken health, was advised to come
to the mountains as a relief for
malignant bronchial troubles. He
was a native of Pennsylvania, and
in his preparation for the ministry
he was a student of such brilliant
promise that he was called to do
his first preaching by a church in
New Orleans. His charge has since
become the foremost Presbyterian
church in the city and achieved a
national reputation under the min-
istry of Reverend Doctor Palmer.

For a time it looked as if Mr
Harris were destined to be a pulpit
star of the first magnitude. Nerv-
ous prostration and bronchial af-
fection disabled him, and he re-
sorted to the Virginia mountains
as his forlorn hope for health. In
a few weeks after reaching Hun-
tersville he opened school and also
gathered a Sabbath-school. His
school-room was in a building
near where the Methodist church
now stands, and was in after years
used by Dr Matt Wallace as a
physician's office. After a sojourn
at Huntersville for a year or two,
his health improved a good deal.
It was in his room at Holden's Ho-
tel, referred to as the military head
quarters, W. T. P. saw for the first
time what a Greek Testament and
Hebrew Bible looked like, and
came to the conclusion that it
would require something more
than human to be able to make any
sense out of books printed with
something that looked more like
grammatical bug tracks and syste-
matic fly specks than printed
words.

When Mr Harris left Hun-
tersville he went to Hampshire Coun-
ty. There he married a lady of
considerable wealth, and lived for
thirty years in an isolated mount-
ain home, where it was high and
dry. He had a fine library, the
leading newspapers, reviews and
magazines, and kept well informed
as to what was going on in the
world. He tried to do good when
opportunities permitted, though
expecting any year might be the
last. Mr Harris was in early life
considered the peer of Summerfield
and both entered the ministry
about the same time. Summer-
field's career was brief, but bril-
liant and famous. Harris by com-
ing to the mountains had a career
that was long, but useful, obscure
and happy.

The first published notice of
preaching services at Huntersville
occurs in the diary of the Rev S.
B. Witt, a Baptist minister. He
spent a year or two in pioneer

preaching in Pocahontas, Bath and
Greenbrier Counties, about 1823-
24. During the time of his first
visit to Huntersville there was a
dancing school on hands. The
dancing master very politely sus-
pended when time for preaching
came, and took his scholars to hear
the sermon. Soon as the preaching
was over the class reassembled and
finished the lesson at a later hour.
Here is an extract from Dr Witt's
diary:

"September 18, 1824.—Preached
to day at Huntersville to a consid-
erable congregation. At this place
there is a dancing school just com-
mencing, and as soon as the meet-
ing was over a greater part of the
congregation returned to the ball
room and commenced dancing.
Oh, that I may be the honored in-
strument in the hands of the Al-
mighty of bringing them to the
knowledge of the Truth."

Dr Witt became a noted minis-
ter in Prince Edward County, and
gathered a church of seven or
eight hundred members on Sandy
River. The writer, while a student
at the Seminary, heard Dr Witt
preach the memorial sermon of a
wealthy citizen who committed sui-
cide on his wife's grave, a short
time after her death. The writer
led the singing of the hymns. Af-
ter the services he was invited to
dine with Dr Witt by a mutual
friend, and was thus able to make
his acquaintance. The venerable
man had not forgotten about the
dance and mentioned the Poages
and the Callisons as persons he
well remembered. Dr Witt was
quite independent, even wealthy,
and spent his old age in a charm-
ing country home in the limits of
the grand congregation he had
gathered in a pastorate of nearly
thirty years duration. S. B. Witt,
Jr., the eminent Richmond lawyer,
is his son.

For many years religious services
were held in the Court-House.
Then when the Academy was built
in 1842, it was used as a place of
worship by Methodists, of all
branches, Episcopalian and Pres-
byterian. The Presbyterian church
afterwards became the place where
all denominations generally wor-
shipped. This building was erec-
ted about the year 1855. It was
used for barracks during the war
and was much defaced. There
seems to have been a soldier who
had a genius for vulgar doggerel,
and the rhymes he wrote upon the
walls would have made a genteel
dog blush if he could have made
them out. This genius evidently
had no good feeling for a charac-
ter he called "Mudwall Jackson,"
and it is a compliment to that of-
ficer to have had the ill will of such
a rhymster.

In the early summer of 1865 the
Rev M. D. Dunlap and W. T. Price
were engaged in the first sacramen-
tal meeting held after the war. A
detachment of Federal troops from
Buckhannon passed through the
town, rode around the church,
looked in at the broken windows,
examined the horses with critical
eyes, and religious services were
going on all the while without ev-
en pausing. Sermon and sacra-
mental services over, Mr Dunlap,
who had rode in from the country
that morning and hitched his horse
near the church, went to get his
horse and found it had been taken
away as a "branded horse." In
some previous raid this had been
left to die. Somehow it had come
into Mr Dunlap's possession, and
put in excellent condition by kind
and careful treatment. The vena-
ble preacher had to return to his
home at Hillsboro on a borrowed
horse.

Ten or eleven years since the
Methodist church was built on its
present site, and so for the present
the town is well provided with fa-
cilities for public worship.

Three or four years ago the Ma-
sonic Fraternity of Pocahontas
County, represented by the Hun-
tersville Lodge, having in its pale
many of the foremost citizens of
the county, needed a lodge room.
Arrangements mutually satisfacto-
ry were made with the trusteeship
of the Presbyterian church, and
the building was enlarged and re-
novated in a very attractive style.
The upper rooms assigned for the
Lodge, and the lower for preaching

services.

These memorabilia of Hun-
tersville will now be brought to a con-
clusion. These papers must be re-
garded as tentative efforts to awak-
en interest in local history, call out
additional items and elicit correc-
tions where errors may appear in
what has been written.

Nature seems to have made mar-
ked Huntersville and vicinity as
designed for something of more
than ordinary importance. The lo-
cality is approachable from the
four quarters of the earth by val-
leys converging here. The beauty
of the scenery everywhere display-
ed is something phenomenal in the
view of all who have eyes to appre-
ciate whatever is picturesque in
mountains, forests and streams.
The air is pure and exhilarating.
Mineral waters abound in profu-
sion, chalybeate, alum and sulphur.
The most remarkable however are
the arsenious-lithia fountains that
bubble up in the Curry Meadow,
in volume sufficient to meet the
needs of a world of health seeking
people requiring the benefits of
lithia remedies.

Governor Flemming, in an ad-
dress made by special invitation at
Pittsburg six or seven years ago,
said that one of the most remarka-
ble iron regions yet discovered in
the known world lies north east
and south west of Huntersville,
with Huntersville near the heart of
it. Should this be so, the future
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Persons who have made them-
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would have been this way:

"In all the wide world there's no
place so sweet,
As the vales of Huntersville where
the bright waters meet."

Losing Faith in Pa.

I used to think my pa was just as
good as he could be,
And I s'posed that he was smarter,
too, than most folks you see;
When I was littler than I am I
used to tell my ma
When I grew up to be a man I
'd like to be like pa.

I used to think abody's ma
When she got settled down
Was always s'posed to think his pa
Was the finest man in town;
But guess my ma do n't think that
way,

Not very hard, becuz
She seems to have so much to say
Against the things he does.

One day I got some boards and
nails and tried to build a sled,
And purtysoon I banged my thumb
and Moses! how it bled!
I hopped around there on one foot,
but it did n't stop a bit,
And then I thought I'd swear and
see if tha'd make it quit.

Of course, ma heard me lettin' go,
And then she come and cried,
And told me I had grieved her so
And hugged me to her side,
And said she wished that she was
dead

And in her grave before
She heard me say what I had said
When I had up and swore.

"Well, pa he swears that way some
times," I answered ma, and then
She cried some more, and said she
hoped I never would again!
'Not when I git to be a man as big
as pa?' says I,
And she says: 'No, becuz Old Nick
'll git him by and by.'

And once I tried to chew, and gee!
But did n't I feel bad,
And ma she cried more worse than
me,

And both of us was sad,
And then, when I was laid out flat,
She knelt there on the floor,
And set me if I'd promise that
I'd never chew no more.

'Well, pa he chews,' I says to ma,
'and so, when I'm a man,
Grown up as big as he is, then I
'll bet you that I can!'

And ma she said she hopes I won't
chew, even when I'm big.
'Becuz,' she says, 'a man that does
is nothing but a pig.'

It's always that way when I say
That I would like to grow
To be a man like pa, some day—
She hopes I won't you know—
And I wonder if they're all that
way?

I wonder if your ma
Would rather have you always stay
So different from your pa?
—Cleveland Leader.

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Belief.

When boughs are shaken of bloom
and leaves drifting, too;
I would recall their first perfume
and the sunlight sifting through;
When fields lie barren without,
and bitter frosts are come,
Bid me not hear the winds of doubt
that with the darkness roam.

When hours grow dim and gray,
and the song of the years is sung
Leave me the thrill of the dawn-
ing day in a heart that is young,
is young!

Tho' hope be a blossom whirled,
and time doth pillage and win,
Let me hearken the pulse of the
world, and learn of the truth
therein.

Ay, tho' my dreams shall pale while
night but an ember lures,
Let me believe, tho' its light shall
fail, that love, that love endures!
—The Bookman.

HISTORICAL OUTLINE.

Memorabilia of Huntersville and Organization of the County.

PART III.

In regard to educational inter-
ests Huntersville has had some
good schools. About the year 1841
a chartered Academy was built
near the place now occupied by
Dr S. P. Patterson's elegant resi-
dence. The names of the teachers,
as now remembered, were J. C.
Humm, h. les, from Greenville, Aug-
usta; A. Crawford, from Browns-
burg, Virginia; Reverend T. P. W.
Magruder, from Maryland; J. W.
Price, and a Professor Miller, from
Pennsylvania.

To Huntersville is due the dis-
tinction of being the first place in
Pocahontas where a Sunday-school
was held throughout the year,—an
"evergreen Sunday-school." Late
in the year of 1839, Reverend J.
M. Harris, a young minister in
broken health, was advised to come
to the mountains as a relief for
malignant bronchial troubles. He
was a native of Pennsylvania, and
in his preparation for the ministry
he was a student of such brilliant
promise that he was called to do
his first preaching by a church in
New Orleans. His charge has since
become the foremost Presbyterian
church in the city and achieved a
national reputation under the min-
istry of Reverend Doctor Palmer.

For a time it looked as if Mr
Harris were destined to be a pulpit
star of the first magnitude. Nerv-
ous prostration and bronchial af-
fection disabled him, and he re-
sorted to the Virginia mountains
as his forlorn hope for health. In
a few weeks after reaching Hun-
tersville he opened school and also
gathered a Sabbath-school. His
school-room was in a building
near where the Methodist church
now stands, and was in after years
used by Dr Matt Wallace as a
physician's office. After a sojourn
at Huntersville for a year or two,
his health improved a good deal.
It was in his room at Holden's Ho-
tel, referred to as the military head
quarters, W. T. P. saw for the first
time what a Greek Testament and
Hebrew Bible looked like, and
came to the conclusion that it
would require something more
than human to be able to make any
sense out of books printed with
something that looked more like
grammatical bug tracks and syste-
matic fly specks than printed
words.

When Mr Harris left Hun-
tersville he went to Hampshire Coun-
ty. There he married a lady of
considerable wealth, and lived for
thirty years in an isolated mount-
ain home, where it was high and
dry. He had a fine library, the
leading newspapers, reviews and
magazines, and kept well informed
as to what was going on in the
world. He tried to do good when
opportunities permitted, though
expecting any year might be the
last. Mr Harris was in early life
considered the peer of Summerfield
and both entered the ministry
about the same time. Summer-
field's career was brief, but bril-
liant and famous. Harris by com-
ing to the mountains had a career
that was long, but useful, obscure
and happy.

The first published notice of
preaching services at Huntersville
occurs in the diary of the Rev S.
B. Witt, a Baptist minister. He
spent a year or two in pioneer

preaching in Pocahontas, Bath and
Greenbrier Counties, about 1823-
24. During the time of his first
visit to Huntersville there was a
dancing school on hands. The
dancing master very politely sus-
pended when time for preaching
came, and took his scholars to hear
the sermon. Soon as the preaching
was over the class reassembled and
finished the lesson at a later hour.
Here is an extract from Dr Witt's
diary:

"September 18, 1824.—Preached
to day at Huntersville to a consid-
erable congregation. At this place
there is a dancing school just com-
mencing, and as soon as the meet-
ing was over a greater part of the
congregation returned to the ball
room and commenced dancing.
Oh, that I may be the honored in-
strument in the hands of the Al-
mighty of bringing them to the
knowledge of the Truth."

Dr Witt became a noted minis-
ter in Prince Edward County, and
gathered a church of seven or
eight hundred members on Sandy
River. The writer, while a student
at the Seminary, heard Dr Witt
preach the memorial sermon of a
wealthy citizen who committed sui-
cide on his wife's grave, a short
time after her death. The writer
led the singing of the hymns. Af-
ter the services he was invited to
dine with Dr Witt by a mutual
friend, and was thus able to make
his acquaintance. The venerable
man had not forgotten about the
dance and mentioned the Poages
and the Callisons as persons he
well remembered. Dr Witt was
quite independent, even wealthy,
and spent his old age in a charm-
ing country home in the limits of
the grand congregation he had
gathered in a pastorate of nearly
thirty years duration. S. B. Witt,
Jr., the eminent Richmond lawyer,
is his son.

For many years religious services
were held in the Court-House.
Then when the Academy was built
in 1842, it was used as a place of
worship by Methodists, of all
branches, Episcopalian and Pres-
byterian. The Presbyterian church
afterwards became the place where
all denominations generally wor-
shipped. This building was erec-
ted about the year 1855. It was
used for barracks during the war
and was much defaced. There
seems to have been a soldier who
had a genius for vulgar doggerel,
and the rhymes he wrote upon the
walls would have made a genteel
dog blush if he could have made
them out. This genius evidently
had no good feeling for a charac-
ter he called "Mudwall Jackson,"
and it is a compliment to that of-
ficer to have had the ill will of such
a rhymster.

In the early summer of 1865 the
Rev M. D. Dunlap and W. T. Price
were engaged in the first sacramen-
tal meeting held after the war. A
detachment of Federal troops from
Buckhannon passed through the
town, rode around the church,
looked in at the broken windows,
examined the horses with critical
eyes, and religious services were
going on all the while without ev-
en pausing. Sermon and sacra-
mental services over, Mr Dunlap,
who had rode in from the country
that morning and hitched his horse
near the church, went to get his
horse and found it had been taken
away as a "branded horse." In
some previous raid this had been
left to die. Somehow it had come
into Mr Dunlap's possession, and
put in excellent condition by kind
and careful treatment. The vena-
ble preacher had to return to his
home at Hillsboro on a borrowed
horse.

Ten or eleven years since the
Methodist church was built on its
present site, and so for the present
the town is well provided with fa-
cilities for public worship.

Three or four years ago the Ma-
sonic Fraternity of Pocahontas
County, represented by the Hun-
tersville Lodge, having in its pale
many of the foremost citizens of
the county, needed a lodge room.
Arrangements mutually satisfacto-
ry were made with the trusteeship
of the Presbyterian church, and
the building was enlarged and re-
novated in a very attractive style.
The upper rooms assigned for the
Lodge, and the lower for preaching

services.

These memorabilia of Hun-
tersville will now be brought to a con-
clusion. These papers must be re-
garded as tentative efforts to awak-
en interest in local history, call out
additional items and elicit correc-
tions where errors may appear in
what has been written.

Nature seems to have made mar-
ked Huntersville and vicinity as
designed for something of more
than ordinary importance. The lo-
cality is approachable from the
four quarters of the earth by val-
leys converging here. The beauty
of the scenery everywhere display-
ed is something phenomenal in the
view of all who have eyes to appre-
ciate whatever is picturesque in
mountains, forests and streams.
The air is pure and exhilarating.
Mineral waters abound in profu-
sion, chalybeate, alum and sulphur.
The most remarkable however are
the arsenious-lithia fountains that
bubble up in the Curry Meadow,
in volume sufficient to meet the
needs of a world of health seeking
people requiring the benefits of
lithia remedies.

Governor Flemming, in an ad-
dress made by special invitation at
Pittsburg six or seven years ago,
said that one of the most remarka-
ble iron regions yet discovered in
the known world lies north east
and south west of Huntersville,
with Huntersville near the heart of
it. Should this be so, the future
of Huntersville is simply wonder-
ful as to possibilities, unless some-
thing be found out to supercede
the use of iron in the future indus-
tries of the earth.

Persons who have made them-
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Of course, ma heard me lettin' go,
And then she come and cried,
And told me I had grieved her so
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And said she wished that she was
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And in her grave before
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And set me if I'd promise that
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To be a man like pa, some day—
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—Cleveland Leader.

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Pocahontas Times.

"Montani Semper Liberi"

CHARLINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FEBRUARY 26, 1897.

\$1.00

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

The compiler of these pioneer memorabilia of John McNeel and his family feels happy in this opportunity to express his grateful appreciation of the assistance rendered by Captain William L. McNeel and Dr Matt Wallace.

John McNeel, the ancestor of the McNeel relationship in our county, appears to have been the first to occupy the Little Levels by permanent settlement. He was a native of Frederick County, Virginia, but passed much of his early life in or near Cumberland, Maryland. He seems to have been fond of athletics, and in a pugilistic contest his antagonist was so badly knocked out as to be regarded fatally injured. To avoid arrest and trial for murder he fled. He followed the trend of the Alleghenies. A long while was spent in their gloomy solitudes, and his sufferings of mind and body cannot be even imagined by any of us. Finally, going deeper and deeper into the wilderness, he at last came in view of the Levels, about 1765.

As he overlooked this section from some neighboring eminence he saw much to remind him of his native region. An extensive, wooded plain, bordered by mountain ranges of unsurpassed beauty, and very fertile. He decided, as every thing looked so much like the old home scenery, to settle here; and chose a site for his cabin near the present home occupied by Hon M. J. McNeel. Traces of this cabin have been seen by persons yet living, between M. J. McNeel's gate on the public road and his residence. If the spot could be identified, it would be well to mark it with a piece of the marble recently found in such fabulous quantities close by.

Here the solitary man brooded over his supposed guilt, prayed with his broken heart for pardon, and hunted for his food,—subsisting almost entirely upon venison and trout. One day while hunting he met Charles and Edward Kinnison from his old home; who had come out here prospecting for a situation. He learned from them that the person he boxed with was not dead, nor even seriously hurt. This was indeed good news, and then and there he felt free from all bloody stain, and he could return without fear of molestation.

Mr McNeel insisted upon his friends to share his cabin with him. He assisted them in making a selection for a home adjoining his tract. The three then set out on their return to the lower Valley of Virginia.

While on this visit home, Mr McNeel married Miss Martha Davis, who was born in Wales, in 1740; and soon after their marriage they came out to the Levels. A few acres were soon cleared off, plenty to subsist upon was raised.

Mr McNeel seemed deeply impressed with a sense of gratitude to God for his providential care,—after all his wanderings and fears to permit the lines to fall to him in such a pleasant, wealthy place,—that he built a house for worship—the White Pole Church.

In a few years the Dunmore war opened up. The three friends,—McNeel and the two Kinnisons,—went into camp at Lewisburg, and joined the expedition to Point Pleasant, October 10, 1774. They survived that eventful and important contest, came back, but not to remain very long. They went across the eastern mountains and enlisted in some company that went from Frederick County, served during the war, and then took up the peaceful tenor of their lives where they had left off. There is a pathetic tradition to the effect that while Mr McNeel was absent to Point Pleasant a child was born and died before his return. The mother with her own hands prepared the coffin and the grave, and buried it. So far as now known this is the first white child buried west of the Blue Mountains, and the first white funeral at the McNeel grave-yard. They reared five children two sons and three daughters.

Miriam married John Jordan

and lived near Locust on what is now known as the "Jordan Place," owned by Isaac McNeel. They reared three daughters and five sons. The sons were Jonathan, Isaac, John M., Abram, and Franklin.

Their daughter, Nancy Jordan, first married—Callison, of James. Upon his decease she became the wife of George Edmiston.

Jane Jordan married Major William Blair, who lived west of Hillsboro, on the farm now occupied by J. G. Beard.

Martha Jordan married the late Joseph Beard. She is living now (1897) with Joseph McNeel, near Hillsboro. Lieut J. J. Beard, of Huntersville, and Mrs Isaac McNeel, and Mrs William L. McNeel deceased, are her children.

Nancy McNeel, second daughter of the pioneer, married Richard Hill, who settled on Hill's Creek; and is remembered as the person who escaped at Drennan's, near the mouth of Stony Creek, when James Baker, school teacher, was slain by an Indian, about 1780. Their daughter, Elizabeth Hill, married the late John Bruffey, of Hill's Creek, where some of her descendants yet reside. Among them is T. A. Bruffey, Esq.

George Gillilan married a daughter of Mr and Mrs Hill, but her name could not be recalled.

The sons of Richard Hill were Colonel John Hill, from whom Hillsboro is named; Thomas Hill, Joel Hill, Abram Hill, Isaac Hill, and George Hill.

Martha McNeel the pioneer's third daughter, married Griffin Evans, moved West, and settled on the Miami River.

Our venerable pioneer reared two sons, Abram and Isaac.

Abram first married a Miss Lamb. Her brother, William Lamb, was greatly esteemed by Abram McNeel, and he named his son for him. William Lamb was an expert artisan. Capt McNeel has a clock made by this person that is one of the most elegant specimens of its kind to be found anywhere.

Abraham settled on the land now held by Captain Edgar, and by Captain W. L. McNeel and sons, Henry and Joseph. There was one daughter, Elizabeth, who was married to William Hanna, of Greenbrier County.

Abram McNeel's second wife was Miss Bridger, relative of the slain Bridger Brothers. By this marriage there were three sons,—Washington, who died in youth; John; and Abram, who went west.

The daughters of this second marriage were Margaret (Peggy), who married the late William Beard, of Renick's Valley, and she has been dead but a short while.

Martha (Patsy) married Bayliss Butcher, and went west. One of her sons practiced medicine in our county some years since,—Dr F. Butcher.

Miriam, another daughter, married Christopher Beard, and her son, Dr Beard is a prominent physician in Lewisburg.

Nancy McNeel married James Rankin, and lived on the Greenbrier near the mouth of Locust.

Mary (Polly) was a life-long invalid, and never married.

Abram McNeel's third wife was Magdalen Kelly of Monroe County. At the time of their marriage she was the widow Haynes. Rev. James Haynes is a grandson of her first husband. The children of this third marriage are Henry Washington and William Lamb.

Henry Washington has lived mostly in the West, and led a busy life for many years, and is there now. Captain William L. McNeel lives on the old homestead along with two of his sons. He has held many positions of trust, and has met the expectations of his most admiring friends in the camp, in the legislature, and in business affairs.

Isaac McNeel, the other son of the pioneer, John McNeel, settled upon lands now held by the family of the late Jacob McNeel, Hon M. J. McNeel, Hon W. T. Beard, and C. E. Beard, Esq. His first wife was Rachel McKeever. By this marriage there were four sons,—

Paul, John, Richard, and Isaac. The daughters were Hannah, Martha, Nancy, and Rachel.

Hannah married Benjamin Wallace, of Bath County, Virginia. Her son is Dr Matt Wallace, an eminent physician at Mill Point. Her daughter, Rachel Wallace, became Mrs William Hefner, a prominent citizen of Braxton County, West Virginia. Her other daughter, Elizabeth, married Christopher Jordan.

Martha McNeel married David McCue, of Nicholas County.

Nancy, the third daughter, married William C. Price, late of Huttonsville, Randolph County.

Rachel McNeel married Jacob Crouch, of Randolph County.

In reference to the sons of the first marriage it will be remembered that Colonel Paul McNeel was one of the most widely-known citizens of his day.

John McNeel's sons are Isaac McNeel, of Mill Point, and Mathew John McNeel, near Hillsboro,—now member of the West Virginia House of Delegates.

Richard McNeel's daughter, Mary, is the wife of Hon W. T. Beard whose sons, Edgar and Lee, are well known.

Isaac McNeel served as Sheriff a number of years, and went west.

By his second marriage, Isaac McNeel, son of John the pioneer, to Miss Ann Seybert, daughter of Jacob Seybert, mouth of Stamping Creek, there were two sons,—Jacob and Samuel Ellis. Samuel Ellis died a soldier in the war.

The daughters of the second marriage were Catherine, who became the wife of Charles Wade, of Green Hill, Virginia; Elizabeth married Jacob Sharp, Esq., near Edray; Miriam married Joseph McClung, of Nicholas County; Magdalen married Dr Robert Williams, of Bath, Virginia.

This brings the chronicles of the venerable pioneer's family down within the memory and observation of the living. His life was of no ordinary interest. His righteous memory should be in everlasting remembrance. He was the first to "wait with judicious care" amid these mountains the hymns sung by his ancestry amid the moors of Scotland,—the Men of the Moss-Hags.

But very little, if any, of the lands he pre-empted has passed out of the possession of the relationship, now in the third and fourth generation,—a very remarkable circumstance in the history of American families. W. T. P.

The Sin of Profanity.

The Wise Man said: "There is nothing new under the sun," and so we find it. Certainly the use of profane language is not new, tho there are times and places that seem to be terribly prolific of this wide-spreading evil. And people who speak profanely (if they use the pen at all) are apt to write profanely,—even printed books, good in other respects, are not unfrequently marred by the irreverent use of God's holy name.

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Let us try to let our descendants know our history,—they will be more than pleased to have it,—and they will keep us from being forgotten in years to come. Thirty years or more have elapsed since the war. The war being over, and no need of us anymore as soldiers, we came home and resumed our different callings in life. Many of those that wore the blue are now voting with those who wore the grey, and vice versa. B. W.

"The word Jingo seems to have established its place in the language, and has taken on a certain character of legitimacy which may give it permanence. 'By Jingo' is a common Basque oath and means 'By God,' the dialectic form of the word Being Jingo, Jingo, Jingo, Gingo, Yingo, and Yainco. The 'Jingoes' (in a strict etymological sense) are therefore the swearers, those without moderation or restraint, prone to premature explosions, boastful, vain, overconfident."—New York Tribune.

MAYBE it is Mr Hanna that is to bring prosperity after he gets into the Senate.—Atlanta Constitution. Was

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

The compiler of these pioneer memorabilia of John McNeel and his family feels happy in this opportunity to express his grateful appreciation of the assistance rendered by Captain William L. McNeel and Dr Matt Wallace.

John McNeel, the ancestor of the McNeel relationship in our county, appears to have been the first to occupy the Little Levels by permanent settlement. He was a native of Frederick County, Virginia, but passed much of his early life in or near Cumberland, Maryland. He seems to have been fond of athletics, and in a pugilistic contest his antagonist was so badly knocked out as to be regarded fatally injured. To avoid arrest and trial for murder he fled. He followed the trend of the Alleghanies. A long while was spent in their gloomy solitudes, and his sufferings of mind and body cannot be even imagined by any of us. Finally, going deeper and deeper into the wilderness, he at last came in view of the Levels, about 1765.

As he overlooked this section from some neighboring eminence he saw much to remind him of his native region. An extensive, wooded plain, bordered by mountain ranges of unsurpassed beauty, and very fertile. He decided, as every thing looked so much like the old home scenery, to settle here; and chose a site for his cabin near the present home occupied by Hon M. J. McNeel. Traces of this cabin have been seen by persons yet living, between M. J. McNeel's gate on the public road and his residence. If the spot could be identified, it would be well to mark it with a piece of the marble recently found in such fabulous quantities close by.

Here the solitary man brooded over his supposed guilt, prayed with his broken heart for pardon, and hunted for his food,—subsisting almost entirely upon venison and trout. One day while hunting he met Charles and Edward Kinnison from his old home; who had come out here prospecting for a situation. He learned from them that the person he boxed with was not dead, nor even seriously hurt. This was indeed good news, and then and there he felt free from all bloody stain, and he could return without fear of molestation.

Mr McNeel insisted upon his friends to share his cabin with him. He assisted them in making a selection for a home adjoining his tract. The three then set out on their return to the lower Valley of Virginia.

While on this visit home, Mr McNeel married Miss Martha Davis, who was born in Wales, in 1740; and soon after their marriage they came out to the Levels. A few acres were soon cleared off, plenty to subsist upon was raised.

Mr McNeel seemed deeply impressed with a sense of gratitude to God for his providential care,—after all his wanderings and fears to permit the lines to fall to him in such a pleasant, wealthy place,—that he built a house for worship—the White Pole Church.

In a few years the Dunmore war opened up. The three friends,—McNeel and the two Kinnisons,—went into camp at Lewisburg, and joined the expedition to Point Pleasant, October 10, 1774. They survived that eventful and important contest, came back, but not to remain very long. They went across the eastern mountains and enlisted in some company that went from Frederick County, served during the war, and then took up the peaceful tenor of their lives where they had left off. There is a pathetic tradition to the effect that while Mr McNeel was absent to Point Pleasant a child was born and died before his return. The mother with her own hands prepared the coffin and the grave, and buried it. So far as now known this is the first white child buried west of the Blue Mountains, and the first white funeral at the McNeel grave-yard. They reared five children two sons and three daughters.

Miriam married John Jordan

and lived near Locust on what is now known as the "Jordan Place," owned by Isaac McNeel. They reared three daughters and five sons. The sons were Jonathan, Isaac, John M., Abram, and Franklin.

Their daughter, Nancy Jordan, first married—Callison, of James. Upon his decease she became the wife of George Edmiston.

Jane Jordan married Major William Blair, who lived west of Hillsboro, on the farm now occupied by J. G. Beard.

Martha Jordan married the late Joseph Beard. She is living now (1897) with Joseph McNeel, near Hillsboro. Lieut J. J. Beard, of Huntersville, and Mrs Isaac McNeel, and Mrs William L. McNeel deceased, are her children.

Nancy McNeel, second daughter of the pioneer, married Richard Hill, who settled on Hill's Creek; and is remembered as the person who escaped at Drennan's, near the mouth of Stony Creek, when James Baker, school teacher, was slain by an Indian, about 1780. Their daughter, Elizabeth Hill, married the late John Bruffey, of Hill's Creek, where some of her descendants yet reside. Among them is T. A. Bruffey, Esq.

George Gillilan married a daughter of Mr and Mrs Hill, but her name could not be recalled.

The sons of Richard Hill were Colonel John Hill, from whom Hillsboro is named; Thomas Hill, Joel Hill, Abram Hill, Isaac Hill, and George Hill.

Martha McNeel the pioneer's third daughter, married Griffin Evans, moved West, and settled on the Miami River.

Our venerable pioneer reared two sons, Abram and Isaac.

Abram first married a Miss Lamb. Her brother, William Lamb, was greatly esteemed by Abram McNeel, and he named his son for him. William Lamb was an expert artisan. Capt McNeel has a clock made by this person that is one of the most elegant specimens of its kind to be found anywhere.

Abraham settled on the land now held by Captain Edgar, and by Captain W. L. McNeel and sons, Henry and Joseph. There was one daughter, Elizabeth, who was married to William Hanna, of Greenbrier County.

Abram McNeel's second wife was Miss Bridger, relative of the slain Bridger Brothers. By this marriage there were three sons,—Washington, who died in youth; John; and Abram, who went west.

The daughters of this second marriage were Margaret (Peggy), who married the late William Beard, of Renick's Valley, and she has been dead but a short while.

Martha (Patsy) married Bayliss Butcher, and went west. One of her sons practiced medicine in our county some years since,—Dr F. Butcher.

Miriam, another daughter, married Christopher Beard, and her son, Dr Beard is a prominent physician in Lewisburg.

Nancy McNeel married James Rankin, and lived on the Greenbrier near the mouth of Locust.

Mary (Polly) was a life-long invalid, and never married.

Abram McNeel's third wife was Magdalen Kelly of Monroe County. At the time of their marriage she was the widow Haynes. Rev. James Haynes is a grandson of her first husband. The children of this third marriage are Henry Washington and William Lamb.

Henry Washington has lived mostly in the West, and led a busy life for many years, and is there now. Captain William L. McNeel lives on the old homestead along with two of his sons. He has held many positions of trust, and has met the expectations of his most admiring friends in the camp, in the legislature, and in business affairs.

Isaac McNeel, the other son of the pioneer, John McNeel, settled upon lands now held by the family of the late Jacob McNeel, Hon M. J. McNeel, Hon W. T. Beard, and C. E. Beard, Esq. His first wife was Rachel McKeever. By this marriage there were four sons,—

Paul, John, Richard, and Isaac. The daughters were Hannah, Martha, Nancy, and Rachel.

Hannah married Benjamin Wallace, of Bath County, Virginia. Her son is Dr Matt Wallace, an eminent physician at Mill Point. Her daughter, Rachel Wallace, became Mrs William Hefner, a prominent citizen of Braxton County, West Virginia. Her other daughter, Elizabeth, married Christopher Jordan.

Martha McNeel married David McCue, of Nicholas County.

Nancy, the third daughter, married William C. Price, late of Huttonsville, Randolph County.

Rachel McNeel married Jacob Crouch, of Randolph County.

In reference to the sons of the first marriage it will be remembered that Colonel Paul McNeel was one of the most widely-known citizens of his day.

John McNeel's sons are Isaac McNeel, of Mill Point, and Mathew John McNeel, near Hillsboro,—now member of the West Virginia House of Delegates.

Richard McNeel's daughter, Mary, is the wife of Hon W. T. Beard whose sons, Edgar and Lee, are well known.

Isaac McNeel served as Sheriff a number of years, and went west.

By his second marriage, Isaac McNeel, son of John the pioneer, to Miss Ann Seybert, daughter of Jacob Seybert, mouth of Stamping Creek, there were two sons,—Jacob and Samuel Ellis. Samuel Ellis died a soldier in the war.

The daughters of the second marriage were Catherine, who became the wife of Charles Wade, of Green Hill, Virginia; Elizabeth married Jacob Sharp, Esq., near Edray; Miriam married Joseph McClung, of Nicholas County; Magdalen married Dr Robert Williams, of Bath, Virginia.

This brings the chronicles of the venerable pioneer's family down within the memory and observation of the living. His life was of no ordinary interest. His righteous memory should be in everlasting remembrance. He was the first to "wait with judicious care" amid these mountains the hymns sung by his ancestry amid the moors of Scotland,—the Men of the Moss-Hags.

But very little, if any, of the lands he pre-empted has passed out of the possession of the relationship, now in the third and fourth generation,—a very remarkable circumstance in the history of American families. W. T. P.

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David Ruckman, the settler, began in the unbroken forest and built up a home. He died there, and was buried near the public road on a beautiful knoll.

It was here that David L. Ruckman was born and reared. He had three brothers who lived to be grown. Samuel Ruckman, of Mill Gap, Highland County, whose son Colonel David V. Ruckman is widely known in our county. John Ruckman went to Ohio. James Ruckman, another brother, settled in Illinois.

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Otho Wade Ruckman, another son of David L. Ruckman, first married a Miss McClung, of Nicholas County. Her daughter became the second wife of Levi Waugh, near Edray, and she is survived by three children, two daughters and a son, Grover Waugh.

Otho W. Ruckman's second wife was Miss Mary Frances Twyman, near Edray, whose father perished in the "Twyman Flood." She is a descendant of Alexander Waddell, the pioneer, a great-granddaughter by her mother's side, the late widow of Thomas Nicholas, on the Indian Draft.

Clariessa Ruckman, eldest daughter of David L. Ruckman, married Peter Overholt, and is now dead.

Mary Ruckman, another daughter, married Jacob Cackley, whom she survives, and she resides on Stamping Creek, with her nephew Wallace.

Catherine Ruckman married Peter McNeel. She is dead, but is survived by her daughter, Mrs. J. S. Moore, near Marvin.

David Ruckman, Jr., the youngest of D. L. Ruckman's sons, was a faithful Confederate soldier. He first belonged to Captain Smith's command, in Greenbrier County.

For a good while his company was assigned to General Loring's body-guard. Finally it was attached to a cavalry battalion and ordered to Tennessee. He was mortally wounded near Morristown, Tennessee, and died in a few days thereafter.

Thus closes the narrative for the present. Characters have passed under our notice that illustrate what may be achieved by persons who diligently make use of their opportunities. These people were patriotic, industrious, and endowed with good minds, and have left their impress upon their community that makes for good morals, conservative citizenship, and intellectual improvement. We believe the few that survive will see to it that the Ruckman reputation will lose nothing by them. W. T. P.

Pearls of Thought.

To live always as in the presence of God is to have the highest blessing and the greatest power possible to the believer.

He who believes nothing achieves nothing.

He who serves willingly serves gracefully.

Nothing pays smaller dividends in spiritual results than making a specialty of discovering the shortcomings of others.

Experience alone is unconquerable conviction.

Social or public prayer is like dwelling in the outer court; secret prayer like entering the inner temple. None enters the inner temple who is not found in the outer court. Every want, every grief, every anxiety, every temptation, every friend, and every foe should be objects of prayer. But prayer for spiritual blessings for ourselves and others is the essence of prayer. And spiritual blessings consist chiefly in the gift of the Holy Ghost. Nothing is given us but by the Holy Spirit. He is the messenger. He takes of the things of Christ and gives them to us.—Mary Lyon.

GEOGRAPHIC.

"WILLIAM," said the teacher, "can you tell me anything about the shape of the earth?"

"Only what my father found out in the newspaper."

"What is that?"

"He says it's in a mighty bad shape at present.—The Star, Washington.

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Now living on the old homestead near Marvin. He was born in Highland, 1824, and was eight years old when the family moved to this county. He married Miss Margaret Ann Moore, daughter of William and Christina (Dodds) Moore, near Edray. Mr. Moore was a son of the distinguished pioneer hunter and scout Moses Moore.

Colonel J. W. Ruckman's son, Mathews, married Miss Margaret Hogsett, only daughter of Josiah T. Hogsett, Esq., and father and son dwell under the same prosperous and happy roof.

Many years since Colonel Ruckman lost his hearing. Lately one of his eyes was seriously affected. Before he was overtaken by these afflictions none seemed to have better prospects for wealth and advancement and social prominence.

James Watts Ruckman, was another member of David L. Ruckman's family. He first married Miss Caroline Bruffey, daughter of Patrick Bruffey, Esq., near Green Bank. By this marriage there was one son, William Wallace Ruckman, who now resides near Mill Point; his wife was Miss Lizzie

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Otho Wade Ruckman, another son of David L. Ruckman, first married a Miss McClung, of Nicholas County. Her daughter became the second wife of Levi Waugh, near Edray, and she is survived by three children, two daughters and a son, Grover Waugh.

Otho W. Ruckman's second wife was Miss Mary Frances Twyman, near Edray, whose father perished in the "Twyman Flood." She is a descendant of Alexander Waddell, the pioneer, a great-granddaughter by her mother's side, the late widow of Thomas Nicholas, on the Indian Draft.

Clariessa Ruckman, eldest daughter of David L. Ruckman, married Peter Overholt, and is now dead.

Mary Ruckman, another daughter, married Jacob Cackley, whom she survives, and she resides on Stamping Creek, with her nephew Wallace.

Catherine Ruckman married Peter McNeel. She is dead, but is survived by her daughter, Mrs. J. S. Moore, near Marvin.

David Ruckman, Jr., the youngest of D. L. Ruckman's sons, was a faithful Confederate soldier. He first belonged to Captain Smith's command, in Greenbrier County.

For a good while his company was assigned to General Loring's body-guard. Finally it was attached to a cavalry battalion and ordered to Tennessee. He was mortally wounded near Morristown, Tennessee, and died in a few days thereafter.

Thus closes the narrative for the present. Characters have passed under our notice that illustrate what may be achieved by persons who diligently make use of their opportunities. These people were patriotic, industrious, and endowed with good minds, and have left their impress upon their community that makes for good morals, conservative citizenship, and intellectual improvement. We believe the few that survive will see to it that the Ruckman reputation will lose nothing by them. W. T. P.

Pearls of Thought.

To live always as in the presence of God is to have the highest blessing and the greatest power possible to the believer.

He who believes nothing achieves nothing.

He who serves willingly serves gracefully.

Nothing pays smaller dividends in spiritual results than making a specialty of discovering the shortcomings of others.

Experience alone is unconquerable conviction.

Social or public prayer is like dwelling in the outer court; secret prayer like entering the inner temple. None enters the inner temple who is not found in the outer court. Every want, every grief, every anxiety, every temptation, every friend, and every foe should be objects of prayer. But prayer for spiritual blessings for ourselves and others is the essence of prayer. And spiritual blessings consist chiefly in the gift of the Holy Ghost. Nothing is given us but by the Holy Spirit. He is the messenger. He takes of the things of Christ and gives them to us.—Mary Lyon.

GEOGRAPHIC.

"WILLIAM," said the teacher, "can you tell me anything about the shape of the earth?"

"Only what my father found out in the newspaper."

"What is that?"

"He says it's in a mighty bad shape at present.—The Star, Washington.

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The greatest danger from La Grippe is of its resulting in pneumonia. If reasonable care be used, however, and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy taken, all danger will be avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for the grip, we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia, which shows conclusively that this remedy is a certain preventive for that dread disease. It will effect a permanent cure in less time than any other treatment. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by all druggists.

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FOOTBALL.

Oak Grove 2; Frost 1.

On March 6th a game of foot-
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ley's between the above teams.
Altho the day was unfavorable,
there was quite a crowd out to
witness the—among them several
ladies—who kept up a lively cheer-
ing for both teams.

The game was called at 1:20 p.
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the start. The ball was carried
down to Oak Grove's goal-line and
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Half-time was called, the score
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No scoring was done in the last
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S. Sutton, C. Dilley, F. Arbogast,
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Referee, Walker Yeager; lines-
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BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

One of the most widely known of Pocahontas families in former years was that of the ancestor of the Lockridge relationship, at Driscot, four miles east of Huntersville. It was a place of resort for judges of the courts and visiting lawyers to and from Huntersville on public occasions. Pleasant mention is made of the kind treatment received and of the nice and bountiful table comforts enjoyed in the memoir of the late Howe Peyton, Esq., and in some published reminiscences of George Mayse, Esq., of the Warm Springs.

Lancelot (Lanty) Lockridge, the progenitor of the name in our county, came from the Lower Bull Pasture, in Highland County, Virginia, about four miles up the river from Williamsville, Bath County. Mrs Lockridge was Elizabeth Benson, of the same vicinity. Some of her near relatives migrated to Ohio, from whom Joseph Benson Foraker traces his name and ancestry, and who is now in the Senate of the United States, colleague of M. A. Hanna, Esq., Senator from Ohio.

Mr and Mrs Lockridge were of pure Scotch-Irish ancestry. Early in the century they settled on Knapp's Creek and built up a prosperous home and reared a large family, four sons and five daughters. Andrew, Matthias, Lancelot (Lanty), James T., Elizabeth, Nelly, Harriet, Rebecca, and Martha.

Andrew Lockridge married Elizabeth Gillilan, daughter of John Gillilan, Esq., near Mill Point, and moved to Missouri.

Matthias Lockridge went to Missouri in early manhood, married Miss Crow, a Missouri lady, and settled there.

Lanty Lockridge married Miss Caroline Cleek, daughter of Mr and Mrs John Cleek, and first settled on the "Gay Place," near Sunset, then on the "Harper Place," near Sunset, finally moved to Ord, Nebraska, where his sons Lee and Augustus now reside.

Colonel James T. Lockridge married Miss Lillie Moser, of South Carolina, and occupied the homestead which was his home during life. He was a citizen of marked prominence,—Colonel 127 Virginia Militia, magistrate, merchant, sheriff, and member of the Virginia House of Delegates.

Their children—two sons and two daughters—are Horace M. Lockridge, Esq., of Huntersville; Mrs Florence Milligan, Buena Vista, Virginia; Dr J. B. Lockridge and Mrs Laura Herold, at Driscot. She is the wife of L. W. Herold, Esq., a popular teacher of the public schools and instructor in instrumental music.

Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Lanty Lockridge, Senior, became the wife of the late Henry Herold, who moved to Nicholas County, where most of her family settled. The late Washington Herold, near Frost, was one of her sons.

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—T. S. V
Chicago.

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

One of the most widely known of Pocahontas families in former years was that of the ancestor of the Lockridge relationship, at Driscot, four miles east of Huntersville. It was a place of resort for judges of the courts and visiting lawyers to and from Huntersville on public occasions. Pleasant mention is made of the kind treatment received and of the nice and bountiful table comforts enjoyed in the memoir of the late Howe Peyton, Esq., and in some published reminiscences of George Mayse, Esq., of the Warm Springs.

Lancelot (Lanty) Lockridge, the progenitor of the name in our county, came from the Lower Bull Pasture, in Highland County, Virginia, about four miles up the river from Williamsville, Bath County. Mrs Lockridge was Elizabeth Benson, of the same vicinity. Some of her near relatives migrated to Ohio, from whom Joseph Benson Foraker traces his name and ancestry, and who is now in the Senate of the United States, colleague of M. A. Hanna, Esq., Senator from Ohio.

Mr and Mrs Lockridge were of pure Scotch-Irish ancestry. Early in the century they settled on Knapp's Creek and built up a prosperous home and reared a large family, four sons and five daughters. Andrew, Matthias, Lancelot (Lanty), James T., Elizabeth, Nelly, Harriet, Rebecca, and Martha.

Andrew Lockridge married Elizabeth Gillilan, daughter of John Gillilan, Esq., near Mill Point, and moved to Missouri.

Matthias Lockridge went to Missouri in early manhood, married Miss Crow, a Missouri lady, and settled there.

Lanty Lockridge married Miss Caroline Cleek, daughter of Mr and Mrs John Cleek, and first settled on the "Gay Place," near Sunset, then on the "Harper Place," near Sunset, finally moved to Ord, Nebraska, where his sons Lee and Augustus now reside.

Colonel James T. Lockridge married Miss Lillie Moser, of South Carolina, and occupied the homestead which was his home during life. He was a citizen of marked prominence,—Colonel 127 Virginia Militia, magistrate, merchant, sheriff, and member of the Virginia House of Delegates.

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—T. S. V
Chicago.

Wife Beater!

He Cuts his 15 yr. old Wife with a Knife

And beats her Head into Jelly with the Butt of his Pistol.

The Strange Case of George W. Roberts and Wife.

The people of this town were never more excited than over the strange and unaccountable behavior of George W. Roberts and his wife, who came to this neighborhood, last Saturday morning, and we will begin at the beginning and tell what gave rise to conjecture and suspicion among our people.

George W. Roberts kept books in Peter's camp last winter, and is a native of Pennsylvania. Last summer he married Rosa Lindsay, of this county, aged 15 years. Her extreme youth caused those who looked over the registry of marriages in the County Clerk's office to notice the event particularly. Last Saturday the couple arrived at Uriah Bird's hotel. The wife was sick and kept her room, requesting everyone who knocked at the door not to enter. Sounds of a struggle were heard by those in the hotel, but no inquiries were made. Sunday morning, when Roberts went to the livery stable to arrange for a conveyance to Addison, Mrs. Roberts came down carrying a small grip, and seemed to be making an effort to run away from him. After she had gone, the room which they had occupied was examined, and the walls, floor, and furniture were found splattered with blood, and a slop-bucket was half full of blood and water.

The woman was next heard of at Edgar Sharp's, about ten miles from Marlinton, whither she had walked Sunday morning. She asked Mr. Sharp to put her over Greenbrier River, and told him she was in trouble. She cried bitterly and the blood was dripping from her hand and her arm was bound up. While she was resting there her husband came up and claimed that she was his sister who had run away from her husband. She retired to a distant corner of the yard and talked with him; while Edgar Sharp, noting the suspicious actions of the parties, looked in her valise and saw there a shirt-waist which had been saturated with blood, showing that the entire sleeve of the waist had been split with a knife. Mrs. Sharp helped the woman to dress her wounds and saw that she had received a terrible cut in the arm from a knife. The woman went with Roberts to the house of Caroline Smith, a distance of seven miles, where they had supper. Here Roberts said that it was his niece whom he had with him. Thence they went to the house of Dave Sharp, about four miles farther, where they made arrangements to spend the night. The woman was in very delicate health, was under treatment of a physician, and had walked on Sunday—over these mountain roads—twenty-one miles, with a fresh and bleeding wound. Where she lay in bed was marked with blood.

At her request Mrs. Sharp allowed her to share the bed of her daughter. Roberts sat up until about one o'clock, and upon his intrusion into the room when he wished to go to bed, Dave Sharp took him by the coat collar and thrust him out into the night. At Roberts' commands, his wife arose about two o'clock and dressed herself and went with her husband. Sharp offered her protection from her husband, which she refused.

After leaving the house a pistol shot was fired, and nothing more was seen or heard of them until the next morning, when Roberts appeared from the shelter of a laurel thicket to William B. Johnson, where he was at work near his house. Johnson is Sharp's nearest neighbor. Roberts' clothes were covered with blood. He asked who could convey him to Addison. Roberts had no blood on his clothes when he left Dave Sharp's and it was then thought that the worst might have happened. Some parties went to where the shot had been fired, and found a pool of blood and a woman's handkerchief covered with blood.

A warrant was issued when the above facts had been reported to the justice, and a posse composed of W. W. Tyree, J. W. Yeager, Will McLaughlin, John Yeager, and W. B. King arrested Roberts at Wesley Barlow's, on Williams River Mountain. His wife was with him, and the appearance of her face would have appealed to any man who had the least trace of humanity in his nature. It had the appearance of having been beaten unmercifully and was so swollen and bruised that the people at Bird's Hotel could hardly recognize her as the same woman. The explanation she gave of her condition was that on Sunday a wagon had upset with her and had caused the hurt, though when she left Sharp's Monday at 2 a. m. she was not beaten about the face. She was, apparently, highly incensed at the arrest of Roberts.

This was the enigmatical condition of the case when the justice proceeded with the examination Tuesday. The man's motives in

so acting was past comprehending. Was he drunk, crazy, or possessed of a devil; and was the woman clinging to him as women often do to the man who most illuses them or was she intimidated?

The writing of this report will be finished when the trial is over. The above are the circumstances that have roused the people of this section in behalf of the woman, tho she does not seem to feel or know of any injury to herself except that of the arrest of her husband.

The mysterious silence of the woman ceased when she found herself surrounded and encouraged by sympathizing members of her sex at Marlinton, and she tells a fearful story. Briefly related, her statement is that Saturday her husband, in an insane fit of jealousy, made a murderous attack on her at Bird's Hotel with a knife. After leaving Dave Sharp's that night he pressed the muzzle of the pistol to her head and told her that she was about to be killed. At that moment she evidently suffered all the terror of those who come sitting to violent deaths. He discharged the pistol while it rested against her head, and turning it in her hand beat her face into a pulp. The shot was that heard by Sharp.

The woman is threatened with blood poisoning. Her wounds are terrible. The principal cut extends the whole length of her arm. It gapes an inch or more and is to the bone. There are other cuts—one in the breast and the other across the wrist—which are serious. She was beaten about the head with the pistol, the hammer of which made some bad wounds in the back of the head. Her face is almost in a pulp. Owing to their lack of surgical attention they could not be sewed up at the time when a doctor attended her. Her nose was broken also. There is something supremely touching in her effort to hide and shield her husband when these wounds were first made.

The prisoner waived examination and was placed in jail. His bail has not yet been fixed. He begged to be taken to jail, saying he feared some violence might be done him by indignant citizens, and public sentiment is very intense. The wife is a nice-looking girl of slight form. Roberts is rather intelligent-looking and of seemingly nervous disposition. When taken to jail he was trembling so that he could hardly stand. He presented the appearance of a man about to have delirium tremens and he had been drinking heavily.

William Irvine, of this place, knew Roberts in Pennsylvania, and says that he came from Lockport, Indiana County.

Webster County.

To the Editor of The Times:

I write from our camp in the woods of Webster.

Peter Dow is one of the most prominent contractors in this county.

James Roche is the finest cook that ever entered the woods.

Al Dow has just arrived from Canada to assist his brother.

J. B. McNeill, the book keeper, is at home on a visit.

J. J. Dugan is the black-smith.

A. S. McNeill is going to move to his new camp shortly.

Frank Thomson is in Pocahontas county on business this week.

The West Virginia Hardwood Mills are under full blast.

The Gauley Company's mills are losing no time.

The Webster lumber company is preparing to start its mills.

John Silva will be here in a few days to commence his job of skidding for Peter Dow.

There is one case of the measles in this vicinity.

Business is increasing.

Men can get employment here at good wages without any trouble.

G. S. GLADWELL,
Jack, Webster County, W. Va.

Consumption

Out-door life and Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites have cured thousands of cases of consumption in the early stages. They cure old, advanced cases too; but not so many, nor so promptly. When a case is so far advanced that a cure cannot be made, even then SCOTT'S EMULSION checks the rapidity of the disease, relieves the pains in the chest, reduces the night sweats, and makes the cough easier. In these cases it comforts and prolongs life. Don't experiment with cures that destroy the digestion. Pin your faith to the one remedy which has been THE STANDARD FOR OVER 20 YEARS.

Book about it free for the asking.

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and \$1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS

CURES
Colds,
Croup,
Diarrhoea,
Flux,
Cholera,
Morbus,
Nausea,
Changes of
Water, etc.

HEALS
Cuts,
Burns,
Bruises,
Scratches,
Bites of
Animals and
Bugs, etc.
Tastes Good.
Smells Good.

BREAKS UP A COLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.
HERS MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

Terrible Accident in Renick's Valley.

James Brown, a son of Allan Brown, of Spring Creek, was instantly killed while firing an engine in Renick's Valley, in the upper end of Greenbrier County, Friday, April 16. His death was due to the breaking of the main belt of the saw mill. He was standing immediately behind the engine, and had been replenishing the fire. He had used iron poker and had placed to his right hand. At that instant the band parted and in jerking back, caught the poker in its folds and struck him in the forehead, crushing the skull and causing instant death.

The victim was a man of about thirty years and unmarried. He was an expert engineer and had been in the sawmill business for a long time. In person he was of very striking appearance, being a large, well made man, weighing about 250 pounds.

The mill he was working belonged to Shirkey & Wright, and located at the foot of Spring Creek Mountain, on Charles Bright's land and sawing Abraham Beard's timber.

This accident calls to mind a similar occurrence in the same mill about two weeks ago. At that time the same belt broke and caught a double-bitted axe in the hands of a mill hand named Copenhagen and whirling it in the same manner cut the skin of Copenhagen's throat, while the handle of the axe broke his fore finger.

An Old Gun.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

G. W. Ginger, Esq., of Huntersville, has in his possession a shotgun that was brought from Germany by his great-grandfather. At his death it became the property of George's grandfather, who lived in Rockbridge County, Va., and, doubtless, the same gun helped to rid that county of the numerous bears and wolves of those days. Then it descended to George's father, who was killed during the war. When George was a small boy he had a great anxiety to go hunting, so his mother gave him the old shotgun, and he started out for a hunt. He had not gone far when he spied a squirrel on a tree, and taking aim, fired, and down fell the squirrel. He picked it up and ran home to his grandmother, showing his game, and had forgotten his old shotgun in the woods.

The gun is still in good shooting order.

A Recommend.

In an old "deed poll" made in 1795 for a tract of land now embraced in Pocahontas County the parties contract by what they call a "recommend," which seems to have been the report of the prospector, agent, and surveyor. The parties seem to have both lived in Pennsylvania, and this prospector, "one Daniel McCau," had penetrated to this county and reported in his "recommendation" as follows on this tract. The county was then a part of Harrison County.

"This or parcel of Land Lays Situate in the County of Harrison on the Weaters of William's River, Containing one thousand acres and is Land of ye first reit and quality and is Well Watered and Well Timbered." The right of said land is good it being Warranted in year eighty-two by Benjamin Copeland. Is verrey clear of Stone and as for timber consists of Walnut and Buckeye and the underfoot Brush is chiefly Spicewood and this is the true character of said land as witness my hand this 8th day of October, 1795.

No. 5th. DANIEL MCCAU."

The ink on this old scrap of paper is as clear and readable as when it was first written.

Any information concerning the said Daniel McCau will be of interest to the history department of this paper.

Mrs. FRANCIS MCCOY, who is at the Marlinton Infirmary, undergoing a critical surgical operation, is doing very well, indeed. There is much reason for hoping that her convalescence will be rapid and satisfactory. This will afford her numerous friends throughout the county much pleasure to hear. Mrs. McCoy is held in highest esteem by her friends and acquaintances, as a very worthy person, and wide spread interest is felt in her recovery.

LITTLE LEVELS.

Our vicinity was visited by some cattle buyers last week and we understand S. H. Clark and L. M. Beard sold at rather good prices. We hope to hear of all of our cattle men making good sales.

Our people were well represented at James Renick's sale Tuesday and some good stock came this way.

Mr. Alvin Clark made a business trip to Frankford last week.

John Pickering, of Falling Spring, spent a few days in our midst last week.

Charles Gilliam and son were the guests of W. W. Beard for several days last week.

G. R. Curry was down to Lewisburg last week attending to his business.

Andrew Price and wife spent Sunday in the Levels.

Miss Lillie Curry was visiting relatives here last week.

Miss Susie Simmons has located at Hillsboro.

J. H. Maxen, traveling agent for the McCormick H. M. Co., passed thro the Levels on his way to Lewisburg, Saturday. He reports 50 sales so far in Pocahontas County.

Mrs. R. W. Hill and her two sons, Anthony and David left Friday to visit friends and relatives in Greenbrier County.

Some of our people want to know why Willis Baxter goes to Huntersville so often. We suppose it is to meet the "Lodge."

Ed Jackson was in our town last Sunday and Monday.

BUMBLEBEE.

YELK.

Easter is over and quite a number of eggs have been broken.

Very few farmers are done sowing oats owing to the wet weather.

Miss Ettie Moore, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. John Gibson, has gone home.

Constable A. P. Gray was in this part Saturday.

Walter Mann has brought his cattle to William Gibson's to be grazed this summer.

Will Varner has completed a very nice dairy at the cold spring near his home.

John Hull has been in this part for some time and has done several small jobs of work.

Jim Gibson had a big log rolling, but the most enjoyable part was two fine turkeys prepared for the occasion with a great many other good things. Several ladies assisted Mrs. Gibson, but they all kissed the almanac that they would not tell who made the kettle of dumplings.

Floyd Ware has moved to Jake Gibson's farm for one year. Jake says one year is long enough to rent a time, for a body don't know when some girl might say "y-e-s!"

There has been more clearing done on Elk this winter than has been done in several years.

Amos Doyle says he is not discouraged.

Charley McCoy has returned from somewhere.

GUESS.

Big Bargains at Pullin's.

Calicoes, 4 1-2c.
Gingham, 5c.
Outing, 6 1-2c.
India Linen, 8c.
Linen, 9c.
Cheese Cloth, 4c.
Paints Goods, 18c.
Linen Table Covers, 35c.
Men's Suits, from \$2.80 up.
Boys' Suits, from \$1.09 up.
Men's Pants, 48c.
Boys' Pants, 34c.
A good Mole Skin Pants, worth \$1.25, for 39c.
Overshirts, 19c.
Men's Dress Shirts, 37c.
Drawers, 24c.
Men's socks, 6 pair for 25c.
Ladies Vests, 8c or 15c a pair.
Men's Dust Brooms, 5c.
Good Straw Matting, 12 1-2c.
Culicle Soap, 10 c.—a good toilet Soap.
A Boys Collar, ten cents.
Oil Carpets, 34c per yard.
Ingrain Carpets, 49c.
Stair Carpets, 25c.
Two Papers of Pins, 5c.

Big bargains in Tin and Glass Ware. We have other bargains that will interest you. Our goods are new and fresh. Call and be convinced. All mail orders receive our prompt attention.

Lightning Hot Drops—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kills All Pain.
Sold Everywhere, Every Day—
Without Relief, There is No Pain.

Wife Beater!

He Cuts his 15 yr. old Wife with a Knife

And beats her Head into Jelly with the Butt of his Pistol.

The Strange Case of George W. Roberts and Wife.

The people of this town were never more excited than over the strange and unaccountable behavior of George W. Roberts and his wife, who came to this neighborhood, last Saturday morning, and we will begin at the beginning and tell what gave rise to conjecture and suspicion among our people.

George W. Roberts kept books in Peter's camp last winter, and is a native of Pennsylvania. Last summer he married Rosa Lindsay, of this county, aged 15 years. Her extreme youth caused those who looked over the registry of marriages in the County Clerk's office to notice the event particularly. Last Saturday the couple arrived at Uriah Bird's hotel. The wife was sick and kept her room, requesting everyone who knocked at the door not to enter. Sounds of a struggle were heard by those in the hotel, but no inquiries were made. Sunday morning, when Roberts went to the livery stable to arrange for a conveyance to Addison, Mrs. Roberts came down carrying a small grip, and seemed to be making an effort to run away from him. After she had gone, the room which they had occupied was examined, and the walls, floor, and furniture were found splattered with blood, and a slop-bucket was half full of blood and water.

The woman was next heard of at Edgar Sharp's, about ten miles from Marlinton, whither she had walked Sunday morning. She asked Mr. Sharp to put her over Greenbrier River, and told him she was in trouble. She cried bitterly and the blood was dripping from her hand and her arm was bound up. While she was resting there her husband came up and claimed that she was his sister who had run away from her husband. She retired to a distant corner of the yard and talked with him; while Edgar Sharp, noting the suspicious actions of the parties, looked in her valise and saw there a shirt-waist which had been saturated with blood, showing that the entire sleeve of the waist had been split with a knife. Mrs. Sharp helped the woman to dress her wounds and saw that she had received a terrible cut in the arm from a knife. The woman went with Roberts to the house of Caroline Smith, a distance of seven miles, where they had supper. Here Roberts said that it was his niece whom he had with him. Thence they went to the house of Dave Sharp, about four miles farther, where they made arrangements to spend the night. The woman was in very delicate health, was under treatment of a physician, and had walked on Sunday—over these mountain roads—twenty-one miles, with a fresh and bleeding wound. Where she lay in bed was marked with blood.

At her request Mrs. Sharp allowed her to share the bed of her daughter. Roberts sat up until about one o'clock, and upon his intrusion into the room when he wished to go to bed, Dave Sharp took him by the coat collar and thrust him out into the night. At Roberts' commands, his wife arose about two o'clock and dressed herself and went with her husband. Sharp offered her protection from her husband, which she refused.

After leaving the house a pistol shot was fired, and nothing more was seen or heard of them until the next morning, when Roberts appeared from the shelter of a laurel thicket to William B. Johnson, where he was at work near his house. Johnson is Sharp's nearest neighbor. Roberts' clothes were covered with blood. He asked who could convey him to Addison. Roberts had no blood on his clothes when he left Dave Sharp's and it was then thought that the worst might have happened. Some parties went to where the shot had been fired, and found a pool of blood and a woman's handkerchief covered with blood.

A warrant was issued when the above facts had been reported to the justice, and a posse composed of W. W. Tyree, J. W. Yeager, Will McLaughlin, John Yeager, and W. B. King arrested Roberts at Wesley Barlow's, on Williams River Mountain. His wife was with him, and the appearance of her face would have appealed to any man who had the least trace of humanity in his nature. It had the appearance of having been beaten unmercifully and was so swollen and bruised that the people at Bird's Hotel could hardly recognize her as the same woman. The explanation she gave of her condition was that on Sunday a wagon had upset with her and had caused the hurt, though when she left Sharp's Monday at 2 a. m. she was not beaten about the face. She was, apparently, highly incensed at the arrest of Roberts.

This was the enigmatical condition of the case when the justice proceeded with the examination Tuesday. The man's motives in

so acting was past comprehending. Was he drunk, crazy, or possessed of a devil; and was the woman clinging to him as women often do to the man who most illuses them or was she intimidated?

The writing of this report will be finished when the trial is over. The above are the circumstances that have roused the people of this section in behalf of the woman, tho she does not seem to feel or know of any injury to herself except that of the arrest of her husband.

The mysterious silence of the woman ceased when she found herself surrounded and encouraged by sympathizing members of her sex at Marlinton, and she tells a fearful story. Briefly related, her statement is that Saturday her husband, in an insane fit of jealousy, made a murderous attack on her at Bird's Hotel with a knife. After leaving Dave Sharp's that night he pressed the muzzle of the pistol to her head and told her that she was about to be killed. At that moment she evidently suffered all the terror of those who come willingly to violent deaths. He discharged the pistol while it rested against her head, and turning it in her hand beat her face into a pulp. The shot was that heard by Sharp.

The woman is threatened with blood poisoning. Her wounds are terrible. The principal cut extends the whole length of her arm. It gapes an inch or more and is to the bone. There are other cuts—one in the breast and the other across the wrist—which are serious. She was beaten about the head with the pistol, the hammer of which made some bad wounds in the back of the head. Her face is almost in a pulp. Owing to their lack of surgical attention they could not be sewed up at the time when a doctor attended her. Her nose was broken also. There is something supremely touching in her effort to hide and shield her husband when these wounds were first made.

The prisoner waived examination and was placed in jail. His bail has not yet been fixed. He begged to be taken to jail, saying he feared some violence might be done him by indignant citizens, and public sentiment is very intense. The wife is a nice-looking girl of slight form. Roberts is rather intelligent-looking and of seemingly nervous disposition. When taken to jail he was trembling so that he could hardly stand. He presented the appearance of a man about to have delirium tremens and he had been drinking heavily.

William Irvine, of this place, knew Roberts in Pennsylvania, and says that he came from Lockport, Indiana County.

Webster County.

To the Editor of The Times:

I write from our camp in the woods of Webster.

Peter Dow is one of the most prominent contractors in this county.

James Roche is the finest cook that ever entered the woods.

Al Dow has just arrived from Canada to assist his brother.

J. B. McNeill, the book keeper, is at home on a visit.

J. J. Dugan is the black-smith.

A. S. McNeill is going to move to his new camp shortly.

Frank Thomson is in Pocahontas county on business this week.

The West Virginia Hardwood Mills are under full blast.

The Gauley Company's mills are losing no time.

The Webster lumber company is preparing to start its mills.

John Silva will be here in a few days to commence his job of skidding for Peter Dow.

There is one case of the measles in this vicinity.

Business is increasing.

Men can get employment here at good wages without any trouble.

G. S. GLADWELL,
Jack, Webster County, W. Va.

Consumption

Out-door life and Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites have cured thousands of cases of consumption in the early stages. They cure old, advanced cases too; but not so many, nor so promptly. When a case is so far advanced that a cure cannot be made, even then SCOTT'S EMULSION checks the rapidity of the disease, relieves the pains in the chest, reduces the night sweats, and makes the cough easier. In these cases it comforts and prolongs life. Don't experiment with cures that destroy the digestion. Pin your faith to the one remedy which has been THE STANDARD FOR OVER 20 YEARS.

Book about it free for the asking.

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and \$1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS

CURES
Colds,
Croup,
Diarrhoea,
Flux,
Cholera,
Morbus,
Nausea,
Changes of
Water, etc.

HEALS
Cuts,
Burns,
Bruises,
Scratches,
Bites of
Animals and
Bugs, etc.
Tastes Good.
Smells Good.

BREAKS UP A COLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE—25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.
HERS MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

Terrible Accident in Renick's Valley.

James Brown, a son of Allan Brown, of Spring Creek, was instantly killed while firing an engine in Renick's Valley, in the upper end of Greenbrier County, Friday, April 16. His death was due to the breaking of the main belt of the saw mill. He was standing immediately behind the engine, and had been replenishing the fire. He had used iron poker and had placed to his right hand. At that instant the band parted and in jerking back, caught the poker in its folds and struck him in the forehead, crushing the skull and causing instant death.

The victim was a man of about thirty years and unmarried. He was an expert engineer and had been in the sawmill business for a long time. In person he was of very striking appearance, being a large, well made man, weighing about 250 pounds.

The mill he was working belonged to Shirkey & Wright, and located at the foot of Spring Creek Mountain, on Charles Bright's land and sawing Abraham Beard's timber.

This accident calls to mind a similar occurrence in the same mill about two weeks ago. At that time the same belt broke and caught a double-bitted axe in the hands of a mill hand named Copenhagen and whirling it in the same manner cut the skin of Copenhagen's throat, while the handle of the axe broke his fore finger.

An Old Gun.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

G. W. Ginger, Esq., of Huntersville, has in his possession a shotgun that was brought from Germany by his great-grandfather. At his death it became the property of George's grandfather, who lived in Rockbridge County, Va., and doubtless, the same gun helped to rid that county of the numerous bears and wolves of those days. Then it descended to George's father, who was killed during the war. When George was a small boy he had a great anxiety to go hunting, so his mother gave him the old shotgun, and he started out for a hunt. He had not gone far when he spied a squirrel on a tree, and taking aim, fired, and down fell the squirrel. He picked it up and ran home to his grandmother, showing his game, and had forgotten his old shotgun in the woods.

The gun is still in good shooting order.

A Recommend.

In an old "deed poll" made in 1795 for a tract of land now embraced in Pocahontas County the parties contract by what they call a "recommend," which seems to have been the report of the prospector, agent, and surveyor. The parties seem to have both lived in Pennsylvania, and this prospector, "one Daniel McCau," had penetrated to this county and reported in his "recommendation" as follows on this tract. The county was then a part of Harrison County.

"This or parcel of Land Lays Situate in the County of Harrison on the Weaters of William's River, Containing one thousand acres and is Land of ye first reit and quality and is Well Watered and Well Timbered." The right of said land is good it being Warranted in year eighty-two by Benjamin Copeland. Is verrey clear of Stone and as for timber consists of Walnut and Buckeye and the underfoot Brush is chiefly Spicewood and this is the true character of said land as witness my hand this 8th day of October, 1795.

No. 5th. DANIEL MCCAU."

The ink on this old scrap of paper is as clear and readable as when it was first written.

Any information concerning the said Daniel McCau will be of interest to the history department of this paper.

Mrs. FRANCIS MCCOY, who is at the Marlinton Infirmary, undergoing a critical surgical operation, is doing very well, indeed. There is much reason for hoping that her convalescence will be rapid and satisfactory. This will afford her numerous friends throughout the county much pleasure to hear. Mrs. McCoy is held in highest esteem by her friends and acquaintances, as a very worthy person, and wide spread interest is felt in her recovery.

LITTLE LEVELS.

Our vicinity was visited by some cattle buyers last week and we understand S. H. Clark and L. M. Beard sold at rather good prices. We hope to hear of all of our cattle men making good sales.

Our people were well represented at James Renick's sale Tuesday and some good stock came this way.

Mr. Alvin Clark made a business trip to Frankford last week.

John Pickering, of Falling Spring, spent a few days in our midst last week.

Charles Gilliam and son were the guests of W. W. Beard for several days last week.

G. R. Curry was down to Lewisburg last week attending to his business.

Andrew Price and wife spent Sunday in the Levels.

Miss Lillie Curry was visiting relatives here last week.

Miss Susie Simmons has located at Hillsboro.

J. H. Maxen, traveling agent for the McCormick H. M. Co., passed thro the Levels on his way to Lewisburg, Saturday. He reports 50 sales so far in Pocahontas County.

Mrs. R. W. Hill and her two sons, Anthony and David left Friday to visit friends and relatives in Greenbrier County.

Some of our people want to know why Willis Baxter goes to Huntersville so often. We suppose it is to meet the "Lodge."

Ed Jackson was in our town last Sunday and Monday.

BUMBLEBEE.

YELK.

Easter is over and quite a number of eggs have been broken.

Very few farmers are done sowing oats owing to the wet weather.

Miss Ettie Moore, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. John Gibson, has gone home.

Constable A. P. Gray was in this part Saturday.

Walter Mann has brought his cattle to William Gibson's to be grazed this summer.

Will Varner has completed a very nice dairy at the cold spring near his home.

John Hull has been in this part for some time and has done several small jobs of work.

Jim Gibson had a big log rolling, but the most enjoyable part was two fine turkeys prepared for the occasion with a great many other good things. Several ladies assisted Mrs. Gibson, but they all kissed the almanac that they would not tell who made the kettle of dumplings.

Floyd Ware has moved to Jake Gibson's farm for one year. Jake says one year is long enough to rent a time, for a body don't know when some girl might say "y-e-s!"

There has been more clearing done on Elk this winter than has been done in several years.

Amos Doyle says he is not discouraged.

Charley McCoy has returned from somewhere.

GUESS.

Big Bargains at Pullin's.

Calicoes, 4 1-2c.
Gingham, 5c.
Outing, 6 1-2c.
India Linen, 8c.
Linen, 9c.
Cheese Cloth, 4c.
Paints Goods, 18c.
Linen Table Covers, 35c.
Men's Suits, from \$2.80 up.
Boys' Suits, from \$1.09 up.
Men's Pants, 48c.
Boys' Pants, 34c.
A good Mole Skin Pants, worth \$1.25, for 39c.
Overshirts, 19c.
Men's Dress Shirts, 37c.
Drawers, 24c.
Men's socks, 6 pair for 25c.
Ladies Vests, 8c or 15c a pair.
Men's Dust Brooms, 5c.
Good Straw Matting, 12 1-2c.
Culicle Soap, 10 c.—a good toilet Soap.
A Boys Collar, ten cents.
Oil Carpets, 34c per yard.
Ingrain Carpets, 49c.
Stair Carpets, 25c.
Two Papers of Pins, 5c.

Big bargains in Tin and Glass Ware. We have other bargains that will interest you. Our goods are new and fresh. Call and be convinced. All mail orders receive our prompt attention.

Lightning Hot Drops—

What a Funny Name!

Very True, but it Kills All Pain.

Sold Everywhere, Every Day—

Without Relief, There is No Pain.

MINGO 2, MARLINTON 2.

The Mingo Football Game an Experience Not Soon to be Forgotten.—Declared a Draw.

Tuesday morning, December 22, a strong team of football players started from Marlinton, with every prospect for fine weather, to play the return game of the series with Mingo. About noon, however, it came on to snow, and some of the more faint-hearted were for turning back forthwith; but the majority declared that having put the hand to the plow, and advanced so far on their journey, they would see the thing thro.

Arrived at Mingo, the team was housed at the hospitable home of Mr Arthur Lawson, who spared no pains to entertain his guests.

The next day the weather showed no abatement, but it was decided that the game should go on. It was thought questionable whether the spectators would be sufficient, but numerous to supply the usual quota of officials, referee, linesmen, etc.,—but the natives showed their mettle by turning out to the number of fifty at least. One lady came to watch the game from start to finish.

Marlinton won the toss, and elected to defend the west goal. The wind was blowing almost directly across the field. The ball was quickly carried into Mingo territory, and kept there some time. It looked as tho Marlinton would have little difficulty in scoring. Marlinton sent in a ball, which was stopped by Lawson, but he was charged and fell with the ball in his hands, the visitors claiming a goal. However, nearly all the players of both teams rushed in and engaged in a regular tussle by scrimmage over Lawson. For a while on his hands and knees was rapidly crawling with the ball toward the centre of the field. Play went on without any penalty being allowed for violation of rule by the goal-keeper, nor was the goal allowed. The ball was passed in and tried but a lucky try for goal. Then the play sought the other end, and Miles equalized with a goal for Mingo. Wilson was fouled at a fine when a goal for Marlinton seemed a foregone conclusion, but no notice whatever was taken of it by the referee. A kick-out by Mingo was blocked by Wilson, the ball bounding thro the goal, and half-time was called with the score standing 2-1 in the visitor's favor. In the second half the play was all over the field. E. Hebdon scored the neatest goal of the game by a low, swift shot, tying the score.

The game was marred by an unfortunate dispute or two, caused by the bad state of the ground and the consequent looseness of the play.

Marlinton.—P. Yeager (goal); W. Yeager, J. Yeager (back), Bird Slavin, McLaughlin (h. b.), J. H. G. Wilson, L. Yeager, Anderson, Simmons, Price (forwards.)

Mingo.—Lawson (goal), Lindsay, J. Hebdon (back), R. Take, Dakers, M. Gatewood (h. b.), E. Hebdon, Miles, Earnshaw, Grews, Ramsey (forwards.)

Jack Forster, referee; linesmen, Edwin Hall and Guy Marshall.

Lindsay played a fine game at back, and Lawson guarded Mingo's goal with great coolness. L. A. Yeager, back at his old place in the forward line, after a brilliant season at the University, made many a good run-up. Slavin, at half, earned much praise for his sure kicking.

Going down Elk the Marlinton crowd was greeted with derision, the school-children enroute cheering Mingo to the echo. The "Iron-clads" were engaging in a little practice game on Hugh Sharp's land. Their yells could be heard long before they were seen, while their forms, dimly discerned thro the thickly-falling snow, looked like those of giants, indeed.

The expedition returned to Marlinton on Thursday, there being many points of resemblance to the return of an Arctic exploring party. Each member was restored safe and sound to the bosom of his anxious family. It is reported that one or two have "swore off" playing football.

The progressive ladies of Westfield, Ind., issued a "Woman's Edition" of the Westfield News, bearing date of April 3, 1896. The paper is filled with matter of interest to women, and we notice the following from a correspondent, which the editors printed, realizing that it treats upon a matter of vital importance to their sex: "The best remedy for croup, colds and bronchitis that I have been able to find is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For family use it has no equal. I gladly recommend it." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by druggists.

A machine makes 8,000 pins hourly.

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A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Some weeks since a fallen soldier's letter was published in this paper. It is our pleasure now to lay before the reader a war-letter written nearly thirty-four years ago, whose author still lives. He is now Adjutant Pocahontas Camp of Confederate Veterans.

CAMP NEAR MADISON C. H.,
July 30th, 1863.

Dear Sister Nancy Jane,—I take the present opportunity this morning to drop you a few lines to let you know that I am well at present, hoping that these few lines may reach you in good health when they come to hand. I have not much to write at this time. I am in camp to day near Madison Court House. We just came here last night, but we don't know how long we will stay here. I have had a hard time of marching ever since I left home. I have had but a few days rest. I was guarding a mill over in the Valley and have been in two battles,—the battle of Winchester, Va., and the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., and have come out safe. I did not get hurt. The tin-cup that was in my haversack was hit by a musket-ball. There were three wounded in my company. Two of my mess were wounded—James Akers and William—and were left in the hands of the enemy. I had the hardest time when we had to fall back from Pennsylvania that I have had since the war.

I was in twenty miles of Harrisburg, the capitol of the State. It is a very fine country over there, and I have never seen such country for wheat as that is. We could get plenty to eat when I was over there. They were very clever people in Maryland and a good many secessionists there. We had to wade the Potomac River, and it was up to our arms, and the army had to cross it in the night. I crossed about daylight in the morning. We had traveled all the night before, and had been on skirmish forty-eight hours before, and that was why we had no rest. The 25th Regiment is skirmisher for

the battle of Gettysburg. I shot forty-eight rounds. We started into the fight about sun-down and fought until about 10 o'clock that night, and then we were out of ammunition. It was a very hard place to fight the Yankees, they were strong and fortified on the mountain. Gen. Johnson, that was on the Allegheny, was with us in the charge and he got his horse shot and killed under him. But we got safe back to Virginia and I was glad of that. We have come across the Blue Ridge again. Imboden's Brigade is still in the Valley. I heard from Musto Corbett yesterday and he was well. His company was in a fight over in Maryland and his Captain and thirty of his men were taken prisoners and Brison Moore that was from Pocahontas was killed. He was a good soldier and I hated to hear of his death.

We had some killed and wounded out of the 25th Regiment, the 31st Regiment lost but few men. I wish I could get back to Imboden again. We have very hard times in this big army for something to eat. We do n't get more than half enough, and we all are out of money and means to buy any with. We have no tents, we have to take the weather as it comes. The army is in a bad condition, heap of them are barefooted. I am just about that, and have but one pair of socks and they are full of holes, so you can send me a pair if you have any. Tell Bob to write to me. I would write to him now but I have a bad place to write and I am tired and broken down marching. I would like to be out there now to get some good apples to eat and get some berry pies. I got a letter from home, and it said that E. M. Ware was dead. I was sorry to hear of his death, I did n't think he would get over it when I was there. This letter is as much to mother as it is to you. You must read it to her. But if you have time answer it as soon as it comes to hand and let me hear from you all at home. I have gotten a letter from Pocahontas, and you can never write to me. Direct Co. I, 25 Va. Regiment, Jones' Brigade, Johnson's Division, Ewell's Corps, and it will come to me, so there is nothing more at present.

H. P. McGLAUGHLIN.

"DOCTORS say a man is weakest when he gets out of bed in the morning."

"That's not so. If he was n't as strong as a lion he would n't be able to crawl out."—Kansas City World.

"A MAN never makes any mistake by being born in Ohio."

"How do you know?"
"I've tried it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Some weeks since a fallen soldier's letter was published in this paper. It is our pleasure now to lay before the reader a war-letter written nearly thirty-four years ago, whose author still lives. He is now Adjutant Pocahontas Camp of Confederate Veterans.

CAMP NEAR MADISON C. H.,
July 30th, 1863.

Dear Sister Nancy Jane,—I take the present opportunity this morning to drop you a few lines to let you know that I am well at present, hoping that these few lines may reach you in good health when they come to hand. I have not much to write at this time. I am in camp to day near Madison Court House. We just came here last night, but we don't know how long we will stay here. I have had a hard time of marching ever since I left home. I have had but a few days rest. I was guarding a mill over in the Valley and have been in two battles,—the battle of Winchester, Va., and the battle of Gettysburg, Pa., and have come out safe. I did not get hurt. The tin-cup that was in my haversack was hit by a musket-ball. There were three wounded in my company. Two of my mess were wounded—James Akers and William—and were left in the hands of the enemy. I had the hardest time when we had to fall back from Pennsylvania that I have had since the war.

I was in twenty miles of Harrisburg, the capitol of the State. It is a very fine country over there, and I have never seen such country for wheat as that is. We could get plenty to eat when I was over there. They were very clever people in Maryland and a good many secessionists there. We had to wade the Potomac River, and it was up to our arms, and the army had to cross it in the night. I crossed about daylight in the morning. We had traveled all the night before, and had been on skirmish forty-eight hours before, and that was why we had no rest. The 25th Regiment is skirmisher for

the battle of Gettysburg. I shot forty-eight rounds. We started into the fight about sun-down and fought until about 10 o'clock that night, and then we were out of ammunition. It was a very hard place to fight the Yankees, they were strong and fortified on the mountain. Gen. Johnson, that was on the Allegheny, was with us in the charge and he got his horse shot and killed under him. But we got safe back to Virginia and I was glad of that. We have come across the Blue Ridge again. Imboden's Brigade is still in the Valley. I heard from Musto Corbett yesterday and he was well. His company was in a fight over in Maryland and his Captain and thirty of his men were taken prisoners and Brison Moore that was from Pocahontas was killed. He was a good soldier and I hated to hear of his death.

We had some killed and wounded out of the 25th Regiment, the 31st Regiment lost but few men. I wish I could get back to Imboden again. We have very hard times in this big army for something to eat. We do n't get more than half enough, and we all are out of money and means to buy any with. We have no tents, we have to take the weather as it comes. The army is in a bad condition, heap of them are barefooted. I am just about that, and have but one pair of socks and they are full of holes, so you can send me a pair if you have any. Tell Bob to write to me. I would write to him now but I have a bad place to write and I am tired and broken down marching. I would like to be out there now to get some good apples to eat and get some berry pies. I got a letter from home, and it said that E. M. Ware was dead. I was sorry to hear of his death, I did n't think he would get over it when I was there. This letter is as much to mother as it is to you. You must read it to her. But if you have time answer it as soon as it comes to hand and let me hear from you all at home. I have gotten a letter from Pocahontas, and you can never write to me. Direct Co. I, 25 Va. Regiment, Jones' Brigade, Johnson's Division, Ewell's Corps, and it will come to me, so there is nothing more at present.

H. P. McGLAUGHLIN.

"DOCTORS say a man is weakest when he gets out of bed in the morning."

"That's not so. If he was n't as strong as a lion he would n't be able to crawl out."—Kansas City World.

"A MAN never makes any mistake by being born in Ohio."

"How do you know?"
"I've tried it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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